

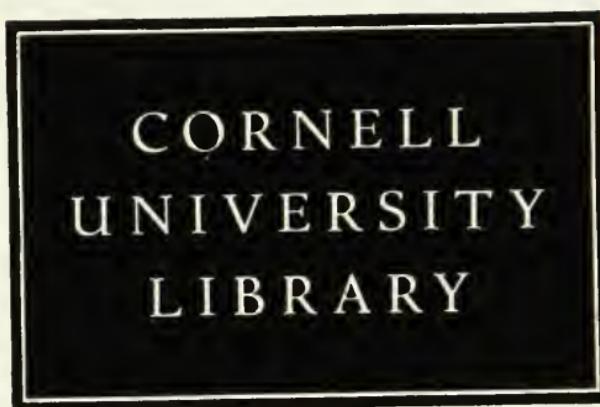
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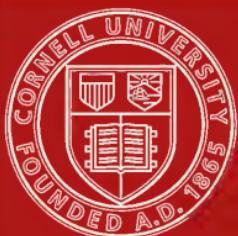
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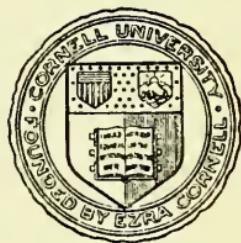








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Vide SIR MALCOLM & ALLA. p. 22.

POEMS,<sup>Wm. Thomas</sup>  
from the author

BY

JOSEPH COTTL E.  
=

SECOND EDITION.

WITH ADDITIONS.

====

BRISTOL.

PRINTED BY BULGIN AND ROSSER,  
FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1796.

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# PREFACE

TO

SECOND EDITION.

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THE Preface to the first Edition of this work I have here omitted; not because the observations it contained were uninteresting, but, in general, irrelevant to the Poems. Sentiments may be good in themselves, but misplaced; and in an introduction to a Volume like the present, digressions are not expected on metaphysics, politics, or theology.

The

The Tale of RICARDO and CASSANDRA, in its leading feature, is founded on fact.

Respecting the Poem of LEE Boo, it may be proper to inform the Reader, upon examining KEATE's History of the Pelew Islands, it appeared to me, that the departure of LEE Boo from his friends and his country, must have excited feelings favourable to Poetry; and which, from being founded in Nature, are applicable to every clime. But, though the Father and the Son required to have been prominent characters, yet, another person appeared wanting to give scope to the imagination, and to acquire the more particular interest of the reader: this person I have named DORACK; and, though an account of no such character has reached us, yet, in some other name she may have existed: indeed, it was morally impossible

impossible that a King's son, so elegant in his manners, and with such mental endowments, should have lived in that country to the age of eighteen, without feeling a personal attachment. Proceeding, therefore, on the high probability of the circumstance, I have reasoned upon it in a manner that is now, with some hesitation, submitted to the eye of the public.

It is suggested to those Readers who may deem many of the expressions too civilized for an Inhabitant of Pelew, that the ideas only are presumed upon ; and as I am not now writing to the natives of CORORAA, I hope I may be pardoned in giving *their* ideas in an European dress.

J. C.



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J O H N

T H E

B A P T I S T.

B



# J O H N

THE

B A P T I S T.



O'er Jordan's wave and wild Bethabara's plain,  
Where rocks on rocks in clouded grandeur reign ;  
Dark-shaded forests spread their empire wide,  
And whiten'd torrents lave the mountain's side ;  
The Prophet John retir'd from mortal fight,      5  
To bask at large in Heaven's resplendent light :

Around his loins a leathern belt he wore,  
Of Camel's hair a shaggy vestment bore ;  
Amid the foliag'd gloom he pass'd his time,  
Or o'er the mountain crag effay'd to climb, 10  
No filken couch or storied roof he found ;  
A stone his pillow, and his bed the ground ;  
No note harmonious swell'd the desert blast,  
No costly changes lengthen'd his repast ;  
The God of Abraham tun'd his mental ear, 15  
The God of Isaac sent his locusts near,  
The God of Jacob calm'd the angry wind,  
And the wild honey taught him where to find,  
Pour'd on his soul the ray prophetic, giv'n  
To point to man the dawning path to Heav'n. 20

When fame had rais'd amid th' unletter'd throng  
A wish to hear the heaven-born Prophet's song,

Borne o'er the sultry glebe and pathless wild,  
The anxious parent and the wondering child,  
Fill'd with celestial zeal he wav'd his hand ;      25  
And thus with solemn awe address'd the list'ning band.

There standeth one amongst you, yet unknown,  
The Eternal's Son, and Partner of his throne ;  
Before the world was fashion'd into form,  
And o'er the wat'ry chaos pass'd the storm,      30  
His secret thought the ruthless winds obey,  
He spake and darkness brighten'd into day,  
Aspiring trees from steril clods arise,  
And Eden's richest fragrance fills the skies.

The heav'n-anointed Prophets oft have told,      35  
What distant, favour'd ages should unfold ;

This is that age, behold salvation nigh !  
Let every heart rejoice, let every tear be dry.  
Long have mankind in pagan bondage lain ;  
Your race full long sustain'd a ritual chain ; 40  
Long has the soul in darkness pin'd away,  
With here and there a solitary ray ;  
But now the sun of righteousness shall rise,  
And beams resplendent burst upon your eyes.

Your fathers saw with extacies untold, 45  
The joyful day your eyes shall soon behold,  
By faith enrich'd, their opening views sublime,  
With blooming years beyond the bound of time ;  
But now no longer cherish'd by a few,  
Each thirsty shrub shall sip the heavenly dew, 50  
From winter's storm-beat grave exulting rise ;  
And with new verdure hail serener skies.

Of whom I speak, soon shall you see him near,  
 No flaming God to rouze his creature's fear,  
 No potent Chief victorious arms to guide, 55  
 Born to controul, and nurs'd in royal pride ;  
 But in the promis'd seed, with aspect mild,  
 Your eyes shall greet the spirit of a child.

'Tis not to grasp the laurels of the great  
 Your Saviour comes, to blaze in regal state, 60  
 Kingdoms invade, and conquest's curses shower,  
 Nations to scourge, or fruitful climes devour ;  
 Peasants unwrong'd inspire with ardour dread,  
 To rob some distant peasants of their bread ;  
 But to condemn ambition's ruthless sway, 65  
 To tell mankind no more on man to prey,  
 To teach humility, bid discord cease,  
 And plant the seeds of universal peace.

These hands unworthy of so great a charge,  
Dare not presume his latchet to enlarge ; 70  
From the pure bosom of his Father, see !  
(Wonder oh Heavens ! thou Earth astonish'd be !)  
Assuming mortal form, the Prince of Peace  
Descends to bid the powers of darkness cease :  
To speak his might my tongue would strive in vain, 75  
To paint his worth exceeds an Angel's strain,  
Wide as created bounds his goodness proves,  
Vast as the range of thought his Spirit moves,  
From him the Pleasures run their smiling race,  
And every joy which cheers creation's f 80

Glance on the heavens above, the earth beneath,  
See sportive life in forms ten thousand breathe,  
Amid the sun-beam's warmth what myriads fair,  
Charm the mus'd ear, or wanton through the air :

Say what untutor'd energy of thought, 85  
This countless train of shapes to being brought,  
All form'd to serve some separate end aright  
Beyond the narrow verge of human sight.

Learn with delight through heaven's ethereal space,  
What secret hand supports the feather'd race ; 90  
What feeling heart provides a full supply,  
And arms with piercing glance the vulture's eye :  
That power first bade the plamy tribes appear,  
That God supports them in their short career ;  
From guiding comets round the orb of day, 95  
From pointing storms their desolating way,  
His ear regards the hungry raven's call,  
His eye descends to mark the sparrow fall ;  
To grant the vegetating world his aid,  
To guard from ambient ill each rising blade, 100

Whose strains of silent eloquence proclaim  
The power, which Angels vainly strive to name.

If nature's lower works your plaudit raise,  
If finite objects claim unbounded praise;  
Exalt your wilder'd glance to scenes on high, 105  
Where Heaven's fair offspring charms the wand'ring eye.  
See rolling worlds in stated paths abide,  
See countless systems round their centres glide,  
Stars ever glorious blazing on their way,  
Or dimly clad in fancy's doubtful ray, 110  
And these but atoms of that boundless whole,  
Which ether sweeps beyond the visual pole.

Know ye, ye listening tribes, to what ye tend ?  
Seek ye to know where life her race shall end ?  
Count ye the lingering moments long, that bind 115  
To earth's low confines man's immortal mind ?

This world unworthy you too highly rate,  
A thorn-strew'd passage to a better state ;  
The joys which vibrate now your raptur'd brain,  
Compar'd with joys eternal, are but pain. 120

Let not the veil of sense your prospect hide,  
Nor Satan's wiles from heaven your steps divide ;  
Ten thousand mortal foes around you roam,  
Ten thousand restless minds, who want a home,  
An anchorage for their souls, whose tongues are led 125  
To blast the narrow path, they scorn to tread ;  
Ingenious trifles gain their thoughtless smile ;  
The block that speaks, the shell that charms awhile,  
The shrub that blossoms, and the stream that winds,  
The bird that twitters, and the gem that shines ; 130  
With glowing zest their ravish'd eyes explore,  
But, the illumin'd spirit pants for more :

If only here, our short-liv'd steps remain,  
If endless sleep succeed to years of pain,  
Then will we seek our sorrows to beguile, 135  
And count the passing moments with a smile ;  
But, if ere long from little more than night,  
Our spirits take their everlasting flight ;  
Launch to some blissful hemisphere afar,  
Beyond the full-orb'd sun and twinkling star ; 140  
Or dwell where nought enliv'ning cheers the soul,  
Where howling winds and deaf'ning thunders roll,  
Where sick'ning mists and groans unceasing rise,  
Where hatred reigns, and hope for ever flies,  
Indignant lightnings endless as their doom, 145  
In quick succession dart along the gloom ;  
Ordain'd the realms to taint with sulphurous breath :  
And light the dying gasp of vanquish'd Death :

If, through Thee, Life ! this fatal verge we tread,  
If such distinctions hang upon thy thread ; 150  
Far other thoughts immortal souls should sway,  
And deathless minds far nobler calls obey :  
But thoughtless man, to weak deception prone,  
Fancies all lives uncertain but his own,  
Or still more wild, pursues delusion's tide, 255  
Owns the great truth, yet casts the cares aside.

Oh ! all ye listening tribes, who this to hear,  
Have dar'd the Jordan wide and desert drear,  
Think when a few revolving years are fled,  
To death ordain'd, where each shall lay his head ; 260  
When the scar'd spirit hovering o'er the tomb,  
On distant shores awaits her lasting doom ;  
Forc'd on the venturous surge to launch alone,  
The vain hope faded and the strong heart flown,

The bleak winds howling, and the bark untry'd, 165  
The ocean stormy, and the passage wide ;  
O'er the black wave the eye reluctant toils,  
From the cold glance the sick'ning soul recoils :  
But hear, ye tribes, the truth from heaven receiv'd,  
To Abraham promis'd and with joy believ'd, 170  
Your great Messiah soon shall be your guide,  
And safely bear you o'er this boisterous tide ;  
Glory to God, th' angelic chorus sang,  
Good will to man, the ethereal concave rang,  
And whilst the tidings vibrate on your ear, 175  
The meek and lowly Jesus draweth near :  
What though your Prince in humble state be born,  
What though no crown the Saviour's head adorn ;  
For fallen man he lays his sceptre by,  
For your redemption leaves his native sky. 180

No more shall Death the king of terrors reign,  
And o'er creation cast his icy chain,  
Despair no longer heave the rending sigh,  
And hope revolting cloud th' expiring eye ;  
But Faith descending from the realms of light, 185  
Dispel your fears, and aid your heaven-bound flight ;  
Lead you through him, whose mission I proclaim,  
From man's applause to seek eternal fame ;  
To shun the passing trifles of a day,  
To call from earth your wand'ring thoughts away, 190  
To see beyond the dreary vale of time,  
A prospect opening cloudless and sublime,  
Where mind shall bloom, and thought unshackl'd grow,  
Where pain no more the new-born soul shall know,  
Where joys substantial, lasting, and refin'd, 195  
Shall feast the senses, and transport the mind,

Beyond what eye hath seen or heart conceiv'd,  
Prophet foretold or Patriarch believ'd :  
Where God shall cleanse the heart, no more to sigh  
And wipe the final tear from every eye. 200

Soon shall your black horizon gleam with day,  
Nor death o'er nature cast a sickly ray,  
Soon shall your mental darkness take its flight,  
And IMMORTALITY be brought to light.

But know, tho' all shall see the eternal state, 205  
Far different scenes will different souls await :  
Many, who here have gone with honors crown'd,  
Through life applauded, and in death renown'd,  
Have gain'd the monarch's smile, the vulgar gaze,  
The statesman's honors, or the warrior's bays, 210

Robb'd of their tinsel charms, and borrow'd light,  
Shall then their fruits receive in endless night :  
Yet hear with joy each heavy laden soul,  
O'er whom affliction's swelling surges roll ;  
Others oppres'd, and poor, who here below, 215  
Have drank their cup of bitterness and woe ;  
Whose heads corroding cares have bent to earth,  
And roam'd dejection's victim from their birth ;  
To death descended by a gloomy way,  
Have found beyond the grave eternal day. 220

If ye unting'd by prejudice receive  
Your coming Saviour, and his words believe,  
His precepts bind delighted to your heart,  
And life resign before you bid them part,

His meekness imitate, his patience share,

225

Love what he lov'd, and what he suffer'd bear ;

Tho' anguish smite your path, or wasting pain,

The poor man's lot be your's, the captive's chain ;

A better portion waits in yonder skies,

A golden harvest in reversion lies.

230

# SIR MALCOLM

AND

## ALLA,

## A T A L E.

Shewing to all the World,  
What Woman's Love can do.

---



# SIR MALCOLM

AND

## ALLA,

### A TALE.

WHERE Clyde tumultuous bursts his source,

The theme of Scottish song,

And near a mountain's craggy base,

Meandering rolls along;

A venerable Lord of Ayre,

With every virtue fraught,

To shun the senseless noise of life,

A tranquil refuge sought;

His Castle (landmark from afar,) )

In matchless pride appear'd,

And plenty round his wide domain,

Each vassal's bosom cheer'd,

When wint'ry clouds the sky conceal'd,

And snow descending fast,

Wav'd with the gently curling breeze,

Or hurry'd with the blast;

To soothe the soul of penury,

He left his mansion warm;

To cheer the peasant's ice-bound cot,

Withstood the ruthless storm,

Heard, when care'd by guardian ease,

The poor man's cheerless sigh,

And answer'd to the tender call,  
Of God-like Charity,

This goodly Lord a Daughter had,  
Fairer than summer's morn ;  
And joy prevail'd the country round,  
When Scotland's Pride was born ;

Her Mother in the bloom of years,  
Relentless death assail'd,  
And whilst her sullen death-bell toll'd,  
Responsive sighs prevail'd :

For with each storm-beat child of woe,  
Her bosom bore a part :  
Each noble passion had prepar'd  
The future Angel's heart.

And when from earth's inferior foil,  
Her ripen'd spirit flew,  
From Court to rear his infant charge,  
The drooping Sire withdrew ;

Where, when revolving fancy roll'd,  
O'er sleeping virtue's shrine,  
And earth unheeded shrank to nought,  
Before her form divine.

Despair sat rankling at his heart,  
Till Alla, peerless maid,  
Subdu'd the agonizing Fiend,  
And clear'd the mental shade ;

For as the bud's unfolding leaf,  
The future flower pourtrays,

So Alla rising into youth,  
Her Mother's worth displays.

The well-tun'd bagpipe ceas'd to play,  
When Alla's song arose,  
The breathing zephyr softer blew,  
Or melted to repose;

When with her nineteenth natal morn,  
She grac'd the village green,  
The warmth of each admiring eye,  
Proclaim'd her beauty's queen.

Full many a youth of high renown,  
Attentive homage paid,  
And sought by every art to gain,  
This lovely blooming maid;

But one alone of all the throng,  
Her envy'd smile obtain'd,  
Who vow'd full oft the love he bore,  
Nor was his passion feign'd :

Each virtue kindred to her own,  
Sir Malcolm's heart possest'd,  
The fire of heroes fill'd his eye,  
The worth of saints his breast :

A Chieftain of a veteran band,  
Sir Malcolm long had been,  
And one whose valor brighter shone,  
Had Scotland never seen;

The southern warriors of the isle,  
Beheld his frown with dread,

Rebellion starting at his shade,

Conceal'd her haggard head :

Tho' rough where war the task requir'd,

To urge a Chief's controul,

Yet from the clang of arms afar,

He own'd a feeling soul,

Where all the softer virtues bloom'd,

Unruffl'd and sedate,

Which swell the triumphs of the brave,

And form the hero great ;

His well-earn'd fame fair Alla priz'd,

And he her worth rever'd,

By mutual tenderness improv'd,

In mutual friendship rear'd.

The Sire perceiv'd his Daughter's choice,  
Whilst joy inspir'd his breast,  
And thus, by sage experience taught,  
Sir Malcolm brave address'd:

“ Your merit at an early age,  
“ Your generous Country scann'd,  
“ And not confin'd to rule, but right,  
“ Bade Malcolm guard the land ;  
  
“ But Oh ! beware infatiate pride,  
“ Despise its tinsel glare,  
“ Behold it taint each heaven-born soul,  
“ And poison all that's fair ;  
  
“ Whilst meek humility adorns  
“ The Monarch or the Clown,

“ Shines in a soft celestial garb,

“ Tho’ fortune smile or frown ;

“ Pride is the secret restless source,

“ Whence all contentions rise,

“ And the fierce Fiend, from whose dread glare,

“ Affrighted Virtue flies ;

“ Therefore, brave youth, if spotless fame

“ Thine ardent bosom warm,

“ If zeal to gain a nation’s praise,

“ Thy ravish’d fancy charm ;

“ Let grovelling passions rear’d on pride,

“ No refuge find with thee,

“ But honor, modesty, and truth,

“ Thy lov’d companions be ;

“ So shall thy soul’s best seeds expand,  
“ Thy latent virtues shine,  
“ And she who most thy love deserves,  
“ Be bleſſ’d in being thine;

“ To-morrow’s dawn shall join their hands,  
“ Whose hearts have long been tied,  
“ To-morrow’s dawn the Pride of day,  
“ Become Sir Malcolm’s bride:”

And when the morn serenely fair,  
Unveil’d her blushing face,  
The raptured youth in Alla’s form,  
Beheld a chaster grace;

Whilst gentle tumults heav’d her breast,  
Or fond emotions fir’d,

Till on the shrine of love divine,  
The vestal flame expir'd.

The wedding of Sir Malcolm brave,  
Had days been only twain,  
When adverse fortune call'd him forth,  
To wield his spear again ;

For as the twilight Queen arose,  
And beam'd her placid ray ;  
Commanding by its torpid charm,  
All mortal cares away ;

Swift as a dart by Malcolm hurl'd,  
A messenger did bring,  
To Scotia's Bulwark of defence,  
A mandate from the King,

To call his bold Clans to the field ;  
For England's royal head,  
Had scourg'd the confines of the Tweed,  
And onward daring sped.

When thus the Chief to Alla spake,  
Let firmness guard thine heart ;  
To arms my monarch calls me hence,  
I mourn, but must depart !

Tho' when with battle I have done,  
And gain'd this glorious fray ;  
No more from happiness and thee  
Shall wretched Malcolm stray.

“ And wilt thou to the battle go,  
“ To combat, blood, and strife ?

“ And wilt thou from thine home depart,  
“ And leave thy loving wife ?”

I must, the sighing Knight reply’d,  
Or Scotland is undone;  
My country calls, and Malcolm’s foul  
Disdains her call to shun.

When forth amid the martial ranks,  
He urg’d his rapid way,  
And bade the war-drum loudly roar,  
The hostile clarion bray.

“ Let each his well-try’d arms prepare ;  
“ For, at the morning break,  
“ We all must hye to Edinburgh,  
“ For good King Bruce’s sake.

“ For, England’s haughty Edward comes,  
“ From London, (mighty town,)  
“ To waste fair Scotland’s fruitful land,  
“ And pull her Monarch down.”

When all, their brazen bucklers feiz’d,  
And closer grasp’d their spears,  
By rage transported, as the tale  
Thrill’d on their list’ning ears:

For, much their country’s weal they lov’d,  
And much their monarch too,  
And felt their breasts with ardour glow,  
To face the ruffian crew;

Sir Malcolm then fair Alla fought,  
And thus forlorn did say,

“ Misfortune envious feeds her spleen,  
“ In tearing us away ;  
  
“ Yet thou in Malcolm’s heart shalt dwell ;  
“ Thou, only thou, shalt reign,  
“ Till triumph in her blazon’d car  
“ Conducts him back again.”

Now roar’d the trumpet’s warlike note,  
When through the sounding hall,  
He hurl’d his pond’rous spear, and swore,  
“ Thus shall proud Edward fall ;”

Quoth Alla, “ If presiding heaven,  
(“ Tho’ well I know thy might,)  
“ Sir Malcolm brave should doom to fall,  
“ Amid the raging fight ;

“ The world with every charm it yields,

“ Could not dispel my woe :

“ Forgive the frailty of the heart,

“ That cannot let thee go.”

“ Tho’ cheer’d to find,” the Knight reply’d,

“ Such love thy bosom warm ;

“ Tho’ hard the conflict in my breast,

“ I must outbrave the storm ;

“ For, when my country danger dreads,

“ Should ought engage my heart ?

“ Tho’ much my bleeding soul recoils,

“ Sir Malcolm must depart.”

When from the trembling fair he burst,

Impetuous for the fight ;

Whilst Alla mark'd his distant shade,  
Wane on her aching sight.

Sir Malcolm now with hasty step,  
His sovereign's will obey'd,  
And march'd with twice five thousand men,  
In brazen garb array'd;

With glittering pomp and dauntless stride,  
They hye to meet the foe,  
By indignation's spirit fir'd,  
To Rosland's castle go.

Where stood King Bruce with sadden'd eye,  
By anxious care oppres'd,  
But when he saw them marching in,  
Hope cheer'd his drooping breast ;

“ Approach,” said he, “ ye valiant bands,  
“ Your monarch greets ye true ;  
“ Let tyrant Edward by your might,  
“ His wild ambition rue.”

When thus Sir Malcolm brave reply’d,  
“ Behold these shining spears,  
“ And us who wield them sworn to-day,  
“ To chace thy people’s fears ;  
  
“ By the fam’d crofs, St. Andrew bore,  
“ To give the deadly blow,  
“ And what indignant Scots can do,  
“ To let proud Edward know.”

When Bruce exultingly reply’d,  
“ I know your hearts full well ;

“ And that the hero’s choicest gifts

“ Within thy bosom dwell ;

“ March then against my daring foes,

“ And let King Edward feel,

“ What injur’d Scotland can perform,

“ When Justice points the steel :

“ The tardy morrow’s earliest dawn

“ Shall light thee on the way,

“ Prepare thy yet unconquer’d arms,

“ And Scotland’s scourge dismay ;

“ Mean while thy monarch will assert

“ The power which fortune gave,

“ To call each patriot to his arms,

“ When hostile banners wave ;

“ And when success rewards his toil,  
“ Sure as the north star’s course,  
“ Shall one o’erwhelming ruin smite,  
“ The faithless Edward’s force.”

The morn drew nigh, Sir Malcolm brave,  
Arouz’d his sleeping train,  
From dreams of slaughter, ranks o’erpower’d,  
To tread th’ embattled plain ;

Each heart with martial zeal inspir’d,  
Preferr’d the soldier’s prayer,  
To fall by glory crown’d, or live,  
The conqueror’s plume to wear ;

And when oppos’d the armies came,  
Each rent his bosom bare,

Of all the high and lowland lads,  
And felt a hero there.

Grim vengeance now from ev'ry face,  
Beam'd forth in dread array,  
Vultures of war in shadowing crowds  
Invoke their coming prey.

Till piercing cries and dying groans  
The cloudless concave rend,  
And force the frightened birds of blood,  
Their farther course to bend ;

Loud houl'd the storm, as o'er the plain  
Its sweeping pinions pass'd ;  
Whilst broken sounds of harmony  
Rode on the deathful blast :

Where ere Sir Malcolm's helmet shone,  
Opposing ranks withdrew ;  
Fir'd by the fury of their Chief,  
His men more furious grew ;

But still King Edward's haughty soul  
Disdain'd to quit the field ;  
And tho' his choicest troops were slain,  
The vict'ry scorn'd to yield.

When rouz'd to agony of rage,  
Sir Malcolm's valiant train,  
Dildaining doubtful darts to guide,  
And madd'ning ire restrain.

Their thirsty blades resentful drew,  
The scabbards cast away,

Resolv'd in death their eyes to close,  
Or gain the ling'ring fray.

Now by indignant passions fir'd,  
Each fword to slaughter led,  
With thirst infatiate, round the plain  
Vindictive carnage spread ;

The deaf'ning clash of arms arofe,  
Expiring, legions lie,  
Whilst o'er their heads contending spears,  
For death-bought honors vie :

Through nine long hours each angry chief,  
Sustain'd the deadly fight,  
Impending vi&t'ry hovering o'er,  
Stood dubious where to light ;

Till at the tenth a sudden host,  
From Edward's yielding side,  
Of brass clad spearmen bursting forth,  
The hard fought day decide ;

The Scots encircled unawares,  
In wild disorder fly,  
The resonance of rallying troops,  
Ran thundering through the sky ;

In vain Sir Malcolm brave appear'd,  
And strove to quell the storm ;  
Tho' passing brave, he could not more  
Than mortal man perform ;

And tho' to stem the conqueror's course,  
He combat scorn'd to shun,

Full many an hostile champion met,  
Full many a laurel won.

Yet left alone, to brave the fight,  
For Scotland's hapless state,  
To earth he hurl'd his blushing spear,  
And greatly bent to fate.

Sir Malcolm now with shouts was led,  
To Edward's presence nigh,  
His brow the blood-red path survey'd,  
His bosom heav'd a sigh :

“ And what,” said Edward, as he came, . . .  
“ Could prompt thy puny might ;  
“ Thy bands the sport of every breeze,  
“ With England’s arms to fight ?

“ Shall I the mightier of the two,

“ From Scotland’s vengeance fly ?

“ Or ought that Edward stoops to ask—

“ Thy monarch dare deny ?

“ Thou shalt be told ; disturber bold

“ Of Scotland’s happy land ;

“ Think not unscourg’d, thy neighbour’s right,

“ To grasp with barbarous hand ;

“ Behold around this tent of thine,

“ What breathless victims lie,

“ Read in the portion of the slain,

“ Thy pendent destiny.

“ These mangl’d forms for justice call,

“ And heaven their call will hear :

Said brave Sir Malcolm as his eye,  
Shone through the pitying tear.

“ Repress thy rage,” said Edward’s guard,  
“ Nor thus insult our Lord ;  
“ Thy tongue restrain,” cry’d England’s King,  
“ Or death is thy reward :  
  
“ Shall Malcolm cease the truth to speak,  
“ Because his power is fled ?  
“ Behold this blood-stain’d plain and see,  
“ What lust of power hath shed :  
  
“ In wild ambition’s baneful strife,  
“ What slaughter’d thousands die !  
“ Around proud war’s imperious march,  
“ What boding horrors fly !

“ Each parent, brother, kindred, friend,  
“ Torn by impending fate ;  
“ And what the darkness of that soul,  
“ Which can such pangs create !

“ Think not to bribe my peace by threats,  
“ Of death, or clanking chains ;  
“ Sir Malcolm vanquish’d scorns his life,  
“ Thy vengeance he despairs ;  
  
“ Eternal scourge of every clime,  
“ Where foster’d virtues rest,  
“ Oppression stalks around thy tent,  
“ The furies gore thy breast.

“ Prepare the block,” King Edward cry’d,  
“ Shall thus a prisoner say ?

Thy neck to-morrow's dawn shall cleave,  
The ravens on thee prey.

But now the muse attempts to paint  
The wars of Alla's mind ;  
Who when Sir Malcolm brave was gone,  
No happiness could find ;

And thus she moan'd her lonely lot ;  
“ If in the contest, he  
“ Of all mankind I most approve,  
“ Should sorely wounded be ;  
  
“ No Alla near, his wants to ask,  
“ And soft endearment blend,  
“ With every ruthless pang, that needs  
“ The solace of a friend.

“ Perhaps the hand of death may seize,

“ Amid the battle sore,

“ Nor I with joy unspeakable,

“ Behold Sir Malcolm more:

“ And can my heart its Lord resign,

“ To war’s untimely death ?

“ And not affection fervent glow

“ To sooth his parting breath ?

“ I must unto Sir Malcolm fly,

“ Nor can I brook delay ;

“ It is but danger to depart,

“ And certain death to stay ;

“ The torch of love shall light me on,

“ To trace the reeking field ;

“ Affection’s zeal endue mine arm,

“ The warrior’s lance to wield ;

“ My strength might not with men’s compare,

“ Nor o’er a host prevail ;

“ But yet my feeble aid might help,

“ If nothing turn’d the scale.”

Fair Alla now with sandals lac’d,

And trusty servants four,

Resolv’d with heart and hand right well,

Sir Malcolm to explore ;

Set out before the rising lark

Proclaim’d the hast’ning day,

And onward press’d, till dying eve

Withdrew her parting ray :

And when through five long toilsome days,  
Chill'd with tempestuous fear ;  
To Scotland's far fam'd sons of war,  
Fair Alla journey'd near ;

She saw with agony untold,  
The nearer banners fly,  
Whilst dread suspence and deadly fears  
Beam'd from her eager eye.

Said Alla fair, " Oh what the news ?"  
To him who first rode near,  
" Oh sad to say, oh sad to say,  
" Ask not the news to hear ;"  
" But I will know," the Fair reply'd,  
" Nor thus my bosom freeze,

“ Heav’n will uphold my feeble heart

“ To bear what Heav’n decrees.”

“ Then oh! my Lady fair, ’tis hard,

“ ’Tis hard for us and thee ;

“ Sir Malcolm is a prisoner made,

“ His army forc’d to flee :”

“ Then I will be a prisoner too ;”

(Said Alla fill’d with woe,)

“ Nor will I rest another day,

“ Until to him I go.

“ But where are all those warriors bold,

“ Whom Scotland’s Chief did lead ?

“ Can those be they o’er yonder plain,

“ Running with cowards speed ?”

“ Those are the men, my lady fair,

“ Who running come this way,

“ All of Sir Malcolm brave depriv'd,

“ They shun the luckless fray :”

“ Then from thy milk-white charger spring,

“ Resign its aid to me,

“ And what a female arm can do,

“ Shall Edward wondering see :”

When with a leap she caught the reins,

And flew to meet the train

Of horse and archers, as they forth

Came scouring o'er the plain ;

And thus to all fair Alla spoke,

“ Behold a friend in me ;

“ Sir Malcolm’s loving wife arriv’d,

“ Your conqu’ring chief to be :

“ Resume your hearts, ye valiant tribes,

“ Your sinking country save,

“ Dissever from the tyrant’s grasp,

“ Your chief Sir Malcolm brave ;

“ Whose budding laurels, but for you,

“ May now untimely fade ;

“ And Edward’s refuse of mankind,

“ Your choicest rights invade.”

When quick as lightning’s rapid flight,

Confusion pierc’d each eye,

Whilst one and all repentant cry’d,

We further scorn to fly :

“ Yet curb your wrath,” said Alla fair,

“ Until the morning light,

“ The rally’d troops of Scotland’s King

“ Shall then resume the fight.”

Now each on future vengeance bent,

Prepar’d his shining blade ;

Indignant strung his stubborn bow,

Or mighty javelin made.

And long before the bright-ey’d morn

Enflam’d the orient sky,

Fair Alla and her daring troops

In silent ambush lie ;

Prepar’d to deal the fatal blow,

And save from keen disgrace

The name of Bruce, to Scotland dear,  
And Malcolm's spotless race.

And now the valiant hosts proceed,  
As led by Alla fair,  
Till bordering on the English camp,  
For battle they prepare.

The sentence of Sir Malcolm brave,  
Which England's Monarch spoke,  
Was now about to be perform'd,  
As morn her slumber broke.

Sir Malcolm, dignify'd in chains,  
The solemn scene survey'd ;  
The murd'rous axe, and grov'ling fledge,  
Undaunted, undismay'd ;

He backward to the fatal block  
With steady heart did ride,  
King Edward and his army both,  
Attending by his side :

When like the sweeping blast of heaven,  
Which lays the forest bare,  
The arms of Alla, from the plain  
The English standards tear ;

With sudden vengeance hurl the dart,  
Or sling the massy spar ;  
And with o'erwhelming fury roll  
Destruction's crimson car ;

Ranks in confusion fall on ranks,  
Armies of horrors rise ;

King Edward, seiz'd with panic fear,  
From conquering Alla flies :

Thus England's glory felt a wound,  
A mortal wound indeed,  
Whilst fame, the genius of her clime,  
Seem'd at each pore to bleed.

The wild confusion of the fray  
A timely offer gave  
For brave Sir Malcolm to escape,  
And further carnage save.

“ Forbear,” said he, “ ye more than men,  
“ A flying foe revere,  
“ For when compell'd to slay, alone,  
“ Should Scotsmen prove severe ;

“ The palm is won, the honor firm,

“ Proud Edward yields the day :

“ His fate may ev’ry conqueror meet,

“ Till conquest dies away.

“ But whom that Nymph whose might prevail’d,

“ When ev’ry hope was gone ?

“ On milk-white charger form’d your ranks,

“ And urg’d your footsteps on ?”

Rejoic’d to tell our wond’ring Lord,

A shouting host reply’d,

The Nymph who led thy conquering bands,

Was brave Sir Malcolm’s bride.

Scarce had his eye, with fond surprise,

Diffus’d a darting ray,

When Alla at Sir Malcolm's feet.

In speechless transport lay ;

“ And art thou she,” the Knight exclaim'd,

“ To whom I owe my life ?

“ And art thou, as thou seem'st to be,

“ Truly my loving wife ?”

When thus the rising fair one spoke,

“ From these thy life receive,

“ But that I am thy loving wife,

“ Full faithfully believe.”

Cry'd brave Sir Malcolm, “ can my soul

“ Such crowded transports bear ?

“ Preserv'd by thee, my life shall be

“ Devoted to thy care.

“ Thou monument of wedded worth,  
“ Thou first of woman kind,  
“ Thy brow unfading wreaths shall grace,  
“ Immortal laurels bind.”

A bending herald now arriv'd,  
From England's vanquish'd King,  
And did a letter from his Lord  
To brave Sir Malcolm bring,

Imploring peace with might and main,  
Bought with a proffer'd sum,  
Imploring pardon for the past,  
And right good-will to come.

Sir Malcolm to the breathles man  
Thus courteously did say,

“ With England’s king a peace to make.

“ I do not answer nay ;

“ Tho’ foul revenge, with clamour loud,

“ Requires thy Monarch’s death ;

“ The life of him, who conquering dar’d

“ Demand Sir Malcolm’s breath :

“ Yet sway’d by honor’s high controul,

“ This heart shall ever be ;

“ A generous victor knows to blend

“ Success with modesty ;

“ So take thy gift, Sir Malcolm’s soul

“ So mean a boon disdains,

“ But longs with equal zeal to stop

“ Each bleeding country’s veins ;

“ I only want him to be just,  
“ To mould his soul anew ;  
“ That soil where proud ambition grows,  
“ Which would a world subdue.

“ When war’s ensanguin’d banners wave,  
“ And thousands fall around,  
“ What shall avail each victim’d corse,  
“ Tho’ reason late be found ?

“ Peace may return as statesmen chuse,  
“ And commerce rear its head ;  
“ But where the statesman, who the prince,  
“ Can raise the injur’d dead ?

“ Yet cease ;—if Edward will reform,  
“ And be in future kind,

“ A faithful friend, till time doth end,  
“ He shall in Scotland find.”

The herald now with speed return'd,  
And all Sir Malcolm said  
Recounted with an accent bold,  
Without disguise or dread.

Quoth Edward, “ Princely are his words,  
“ We will in truth be fair ;  
“ That first of heroes, best of men,  
“ Shall hence my friendship share ;  
  
“ The Foe, who thus can bravely act,  
“ Can better play the Friend ;  
“ To gain his love, reward his worth,  
“ My future life shall tend.”

Then England's king and Scotland's knight,  
All on Cromarty's plain,  
With faith did there, agree to swear  
Right conduct to maintain ;

From ev'ry hostile act to fly,  
Which jealousy might name,  
As cause sufficient to provoke  
Contention's dying flame.

And now they both with one consent,  
Full cordially did meet ;  
It would have done one's heart's-blood good  
To see how they did greet ;

With promis'd care, good will to bear,  
And be for ever true ;

And thus 'twas shown to all the world,  
What woman's love could do.

Let ev'ry generous youth revere,  
His every effort move,  
To merit first, and then possess,  
The pearl of woman's love.

Oh ! woman rare, and woman fair,  
From whom such blessings flow ;  
May ev'ry bonny Scottish lad  
Thy blooming virtues know.



W A R,

A F R A G M E N T.



# W A R,

## A F R A G M E N T.

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HOW much abhorr'd should hell-fed Passion be !  
How much should man foul Anger's ocean flee !  
High on whose surge his giddy bark is toss'd,  
His rudder broken, and his anchor lost ;  
Whilst hidden fires his frantic bosom scorch, 5  
Whilst to his eye the Furies hold their torch ;  
Adjust each feature with satanic grace,  
And dance their orgies round his kindred face.

Oh ! Charity, fair daughter of the skies,  
How many a hateful form before Thee flies, 10  
On whose dark brow, and grinning smile, and yell,  
Thou might'st, if justice reign'd, for ever dwell !  
Yet thou hast mark'd their faults, whilst pity sigh'd,  
And to disturb thy peace, their little powers defy'd.

But whilst of happiness we feebly tell, 15  
And praise her worth, and paint her halcyon cell ;  
Declare of joys that round their parent twine,  
And speak of shores where suns perpetual shine ;  
How many pence-bought engines wield the spear,  
Whose slavish breasts this sun must never cheer ! 20  
How many myriads of the human race,  
On carnage bent, the name of man disgrace !  
Some lazy tyrant's hireling tool obey,  
And rush like blood-hounds on their unknown prey.

If on the slaughter'd field some mind humane, 25  
Should stop to sooth a gasping Soldier's pain ;  
Enquire the cause that urg'd him to engage  
In war's fell clangor, and infernal rage ;  
" I know no cause," his trembling tongue replies,  
And with a hollow groan distends his frame, and dies.

Orlando, urg'd by Pity, whisp'ring near,  
The victims of a stubborn fight to cheer ;  
When a fam'd City hail'd the victor band,  
And ceas'd to glut with blood th' neighbouring land ;  
At midnight's solemn hour withdrew to tread 35  
The plain besrew'd with dying and with dead :  
Long had it stood the thundering blast of war,  
And long defy'd Britannia's tow'ring car,  
Till stalking Famine in her haggard form,  
Withstood the longer fight, and hush'd the storm : 40

Sad o'er the carnage of the finish'd fray,  
Cast its red gleams, the sun's departing ray ;  
The hollow-sounding zephyr floating near,  
Wont to convey the shout or clashing spear ;  
Now bears the trembling accents of despair,      45  
And wafts alone the wounded wretch's prayer.

As the pale moon disclos'd her silver beam,  
Orlando pass'd the town's encircling stream,  
That on its surface many a carcass bore,  
Staining the shatter'd walls with patriot gore.      50

Penfive, and slow, Orlando bent his way,  
Through the wide carnage of the deadly fray ;  
Thousands of bloodless trunks the ground had stain'd,  
Whilst sorely wounded thousands still remain'd ;  
Wailing in broken groans a soldier's fate,      55  
As on their faded cheeks grim Anguish fate :

Chill'd by the wizard horror's icy dart,  
The life blood stagnates in Orlando's heart.

Unnumber'd eyes, just glimm'ring on the verge  
Of death's dark precincts, and o'erwhelming surge, 60  
Seem'd to implore his aid, and gently say,  
" Oh ! wand'ring stranger, hither bend thy way."  
" One moment help a wounded wretch forlorn."  
" Pluck the deep bullet from my bosom torn."  
" Screen from my quiv'ring limbs the nightly dew."  
Or, " bear to some lov'd name, a last adieu."  
Such countless claims on soft compassion's aid,  
Such pallid forms in clotted garb array'd,  
All panting for a friend to sooth their breath,  
Or trembling in the iron grasp of death ; 70  
With bleeding pity fill'd the wand'r'r's heart :  
Unknowing where assistance first to dart,

Awhile he paus'd ; till, near a murder'd heap,  
Where stones might grieve, or tyrants learn to weep,  
He saw a Youth bare to the evening gale, 75  
Silent and sad, and as the snow-drop pale,  
Feebly withstanding life's expiring tide,  
As lying on the ground, he press'd his wounded side :  
One hand, tho' cold, and rudely smear'd with gore,  
In the faint grasp a Female's picture bore ; 80  
And as his eye-lid seem'd to heave its last,  
Dead to the future, heedless of the past,  
On the fond maid (as death itself might move),  
He fix'd the lingering look of faithful love.  
With lightning's speed, Orlando rush'd to save 85  
So fair a victim from the gaping grave ;  
Upheld his sinking head, and sooth'd his pain,  
And sought to bear him from the blood-moist plain.  
Call'd from the shore of death's unebbing tide,  
With sickly smile the Youth Orlando ey'd, 90

Wav'd his weak hand, and utter'd with a sigh,  
" In peace, oh! gen'rous stranger, let me die ;  
" Others there are who more require thy aid,  
" Mine eyes, low sinking, court the hov'ring shade."  
Orlando cry'd, (whilst dropt the pitying tear), 95  
" Oh ! heed a friend, if friendship's voice can cheer  
" On the cold confines of the dark-wav'd lake,  
" And let mine heart thy rending pangs partake ;  
" Say, bleeding Youth, what urg'd thee thus to stray  
" Far from thy kindred and thy coast away ? 100  
" To dare the fight with indignation blind,  
" To lift the spear against thy fellow kind ?  
" Know'st thou the cause for which the crimson tide  
" Deserts thine heart, and oozes from thy side ?  
" Perchance some statesman's pique, some shrine profan'd,  
" A flag insulted, or a skiff detain'd ;  
" These blow the blasts of war : whose noxious breath  
" Fills the wide earth with discord, dread, and death.

“ Speak ; gently speak, that some may mark thy grave,  
“ And flee from blood, the nurture tyrants crave.” 110

As tho’ a Power endu’d with sov’reign might  
Had call’d his spirit from the shades of night,  
The dying Youth appear’d ; uprose in part,  
And tore the tale of anguish from his heart :

‘ An English Cot first gave me birth, and fed, 115  
‘ Till nineteen summer suns their course had sped,  
‘ Contented then, my soul no sorrow knew,  
‘ With heart untainted, and with bosom true,  
‘ Join’d I the village dance, the circle gay,  
‘ And jocund pass’d the smiling hours away ; 120  
‘ (The fond remembrance of my native plain,  
‘ Darts wilder anguish through my throbbing brain ;  
‘ I see the wolves, that once like lambs did bleat,  
‘ I see the serpents coiling at my feet,

‘ Whose soft persuasive words, and fatal craft, 125  
‘ Led me from home to drink this bitter draught :  
‘ Mark you the cause that laid me bleeding here,  
‘ And warn mankind to shun the hostile spear ;  
‘ Rais’d but to please some haughty Lordling’s pride,  
‘ Made but to pierce the harmless Peasant’s side.) 130

‘ Whilst o’er the stubborn glebe I urg’d my team,  
‘ Or led my flocks beside the pebbl’d stream,  
‘ Or with my reeden-pipe, at break of day,  
‘ Pour’d the rude warblings of a shepherd’s lay ;  
‘ Some Soldiers came ; clad in a dazzling dress, 135  
‘ Laugh’d at my garments, dwelt on my distress ;  
‘ Said, “ spurn your plough, and all such grov’ling toys,  
“ And know the value of a Soldier’s joys,  
“ No little Master do we deign to greet,  
“ My Lord or Duke directs our playful feet ; 140

“ No rustic rags are we compell’d to wear,  
 “ We dress like Princes, and like Princes fare ;  
 “ Behold our cloaths, gay as autumnal trees,  
 “ Behold our plumes nod to the passing breeze ;  
 “ But what are splendid garbs to deathless fame ?  
 “ We sigh for honors of a nobler name ;  
 “ We pant for Glory ; and aspire to gain,  
 “ Immortal laurels from the blood-red plain,  
 “ Stain’d with the gore of Britain’s slaughter’d prey,  
 “ Whilst o’er their heads exulting clarions play.” 150

‘ The shadowy prospect charm’d my foolish heart,  
 ‘ Urg’d me with home and happiness to part ;  
 ‘ To leave my aged Sire, with anguish wild,  
 ‘ To leave my Mother, frantic for her child,  
 ‘ To leave the Maid I lov’d. 155

‘ Full well my mind retains the fatal day.  
‘ Which tore me from my Cath’rine’s arms away ;  
“ And wilt thou go ? all wildly pale, she cry’d,  
“ And must the wars our faithful loves divide ?  
“ Stay with thy Kate, nor cross the treach’rous sea !  
“ Let others fight, who are not lov’d like thee.”  
‘ Oh, Cath’rine ! Cath’rine ! thou shalt never more  
‘ Behold thy Henry ! weltering in his gore  
‘ He hears the answering groans of death resound,  
‘ And marks his blood flow creeping o’er the ground.  
‘ My heart beats slow. The nightly dews fall cold.  
‘ Stranger ! farewell.’ —————

He said ; and heaving his last labouring breath  
Exhausted sunk into the arms of death.

It is no idle dream, when Faith surveys

170

The glorious dawn, whose renovating raies

Shall show man's genuine interests, and inspire  
 His glowing breast with LOVE's exalted fire ;  
 When vanquish'd self shall yield her hateful reign,  
 And mental light restore our race again. 175  
 That time shall come ; bless'd be the prospect fair !  
 When Friendship's cordial shout shall rend the air ;  
 When no dark policy shall discord fan,  
 But man behold a brother's face in man.

That time shall also come, nor slowly creep, 180  
 When JUSTICE, starting from her couch of sleep,  
 Shall seize her long-neglected sword of fate,  
 And call to vengeance earth's devouring Great ;  
 Terror shall then the Conqueror's brow o'ercast,  
 The war-delighting Monarch stand aghast ; 185  
 Dismay corrode the starting Despot's breast,  
 When doom'd to meet the Ghosts his chains oppress'd.

Then shall the Chieftains, men so much admir'd,  
Display their crowns with gorgon snakes attir'd :  
Thy Plunderers, POLAND ! find beyond the tomb  
The Tyrant's portion and the Murderer's doom.

Amid the brave, the gen'rous, and the pure,  
Thy name, most-injur'd Patriot!\* shall endure ;  
Succeeding ages mourn thy hapless fate,  
And load its Author's name with deathless hate. 195  
And, though to gain a people equal laws,  
Thy weary'd limb a clanking fetter draws,  
Yet, what sustains the good man's suff'ring breast,  
Shall, tho' endungeon'd, give thy spirit rest :  
Unconquer'd, scorn thy once luxurious ease ; 200  
With patience arm'd, defy HER pow'r to teize ;  
Whom neither laws of God or man can bind !  
Who wars, as interest serves, on all mankind.

\* Kosciusko.

For thee shall sound Compassion's softest dirge,  
Thy name descend to Time's remotest verge 205  
With growing honors crown'd ; and o'er thy grave  
The bay shall bloom, the seerless laurel wave.

What is the far-fam'd hero's boasted claim,  
On pure-ey'd reason, and unfullied fame ?  
The waster's rude of Chili's happy land ? 210  
The blood-drunk Conqueror's of Indostan's strand ?  
And all the train of Warriors', as they rose,  
Feasting, from age to age, on human woes ?  
What the fierce Rival's of Moscovian Czar,  
Or His, who tore Darius from his car ? 215  
Scourgers of earth, and Heralds of dismay,  
Pests of mankind, and whirlwinds of their day ;  
From whose example blushing History rakes  
Her nest of Scorpions, and her brood of Snakes ;

Who, plac'd on thrones like these, like these have hurl'd  
War's wasting firebrands o'er a suff'ring world.

What countless pang's to such have owed their birth!  
What blood and murder stain'd the smiling earth!  
To grant these Tyrants unexplor'd domain,  
How many a fruitful clime has desert lain! 230  
To please these monsters in their lordly pride,  
How many an eye hath wept, and bosom sigh'd!  
Shepherds, unskill'd in war's infernal trade,  
Torn from their cots to wield the murderer's blade;  
Peasants, with hearts revolting at the sight, 235  
Compell'd to sack the town, and dare the fight;  
Till War's malignant deeds, and wizard spell,  
Transform them, saints of light, to fiends of hell.  
.

The hostile Chief, in conquest's honors dreſt,  
Sporting the trophy'd car and nodding crest, 240

But little thinks, or, thinking, little cares,  
How hard the inmate of the cottage fares ;  
What thousands fall before his mad career ;  
What countless orphans drop the secret tear :  
Laughs at their wrongs, and revels o'er his wine,  
Whilst flatterers hail each fiend-like deed, divine.  
Yet let him know, and those who wars admire,  
Whose music charms them, or whose garbs inspire,  
On the red plain, where putrid thousands lie,  
Each leaves a friend to heave the pitying sigh, 250  
With grief as poignant, as the pangs that wait  
The proud funereal honors of the great.  
Each carcase by the carrion worms carest,  
Felt as we feel, ere slept his throbbing breast ;  
A rapid survey cast on friends afar ; 255  
And, whilst Destruction roll'd his scithed car,  
Curst, in his pangs, the murderers of mankind,  
And dropt the tear for those he left behind.

Even whilst his limbs look ghastly in their wounds,  
And war's loud clangor round the battle sounds, 260  
He faintly hears a Daughter's frantic cries ;  
A Son's pale image swims before his eyes.  
Ah, fond delusion ! these shall live to tell  
The far-off country where their Father fell ;  
What blazon'd warrior led him to his doom, 265  
To gain, he knew not what, to fight, he knew not  
whom.

Contracted is the life of man at most,  
And much in childhood, much in dotage lost ;  
Full short the time with prejudice to part,  
And tear its hemlock fibrils from the heart ; 270  
Yet man, regardless, dares the field of strife,  
And fir'd by vengeance, yields his fleeting life :  
Yea, and before he met the fatal blow,  
He grasp'd the spear, and call'd a BROTHER—FOE ;

Rush'd on to combat, and, with deadly hate, 275  
I lung'd deep the steel, and seal'd that Brother's fate.

Is man on man for ever doom'd to prey ?

Shall he for ever passively obey  
The voice which Discord thunders from afar ?

Exulting wield the infuriate scourge of war ? 280

Shall never REASON whisper in the ear  
Of him who lights the torch, or hurls the spear,  
‘ Know you their crimes on whom you warfare wage ?

‘ For whom you feel resentment's deadly rage ?

‘ Has never the obtruding thought arose, 285

“ What is the cause, for which I slay my foes ?

“ Have they deceiv'd their friends ? from justice

“ . . . swerv'd ?

“ Betray'd their country ? and their fates deserv'd ?

“ Or have they not, mid clashing interest's cry,

“ Ventur'd their lives, like me, unknowing why ? ”

‘ If then the lenient ties of human kind  
‘ Thou dare despise, and be to mercy blind ;  
‘ Pant to survey, in gore, thy brethren’ drest,  
‘ And thirst to plunge thy sabre in their breast :  
‘ Such bitter hopes with none but Demons dwell,  
‘ Their SIRE is SATAN, and their HOME is HELL.’

Tales might have once inspir’d compassion’s sigh,  
Or rous’d resentment, darting from the eye,  
Which now no longer melt the pitying breast.  
Lost in the lapse of time, with Heav’n they rest ! 300  
Of frantic maiden o’er the hostile plain  
Seeking her Love amid the high-heap’d slain,  
Till in the slaughter’d rank she eyes his face,  
And, dying, clasps him in her fond embrace.  
Or youth, from peaceful home to battle led, 305  
And, wounded, left to perish with the dead ;

Whilst, with faint-glimmering eye and visage pale,  
He marks around the screaming Vultures fail,  
Lifts one faint arm to turn their beaks away,  
Yet strives in vain to scare them from their prey.

Even now some cottage child may starve for bread,  
And lisping call upon its father—dead ;  
At whose approach, when eve her shadows threw,  
To meet its Sire the pratling Infant flew.

Saw with delight the Loaf his arm sustain'd, 315  
And shar'd the meal his honest toil had gain'd ;  
Now in the wars laid low, no longer gay  
It pines and sobs its little heart away ;

Whilst the rack'd Mother hides her anguish deep,  
And, weeping, bids her baby cease to weep. 320  
Would but *one* child *thru'* early learnt to fare !  
Would but *one* scene of *such* distress there were.

Methink I hear some frowning WARRIOR say,

- ‘ With such unmanly thoughts, away ! away !
- ‘ Let WOMEN love their timid breasts to goad, 325
- ‘ And weep o’er EMMETS crusht in GLORY’s road ;
- ‘ But MEN, the Lords of wide creation’s race,
- ‘ Should never let a tear their cheeks disgrace ;
- ‘ Nor, when pursuing Fame with ardent eye,
- ‘ Stoop to survey what worms beneath them lie.
- ‘ I love thy clarion’d deeds, victorious war,
- ‘ To hear thy bold atchievements from afar ;
- ‘ To see the martial ranks retire, advance,
- ‘ Now view with furious rage the war-horse prance ;
- ‘ Now hear rich music charm the troubled air, 335
- ‘ And now behold the sun-bright falchion’s glare ;
- ‘ And though unnumber’d heroes gash’d must lie,
- ‘ And Death o’ercast full many a victim’s eye ;
- ‘ Yet, in that hour, disdaining flavidh dread,
- ‘ Shall exultation raise each drooping head ; 340

‘ They leave a name, by valour, deathless made,  
‘ They leave a country grateful for their aid ;  
‘ They dare, with triumphs crown’d, resign their  
‘ breath,  
‘ And mid their country’s glory smile in death.’

These swelling words may charm the careless ear,  
These artful sounds disperse the shallow tear ;  
Yet, with indignant spirit, Truth disdains  
To crouch in silence, bound by Falshood’s chains,  
She rends the veil that hides her glorious ray,  
And dares the spoils of demon W A R display. 350

Hard are the ills a S O L D I E R must endure,  
Grief is his lot, and Death his only cure ;  
He little knows what fierce opponents wait  
To hand the cha’ice at the hour of fate ;  
He little dreams, whilst number’d with the brave,  
What dangers lurk to sink him to the grave.

Few are the favour'd breasts who sudden feel  
The gun's swift ruin, or destruction's steel ;  
Too often, wounds the sinking frame oppres,  
Torpid and pale, with hopeless wretchedness : 360  
Or if from wounds proctected he remain,  
Distemper's venom swells his burning vein ;  
A foe's dank prison bounds his feeble view,  
While on his brow fits death's untimely dew ;  
Or in the ship that bore him to the fight, 365  
He breaths the air of pestilence and night ;  
Or on his scanty straw-bed, rests his arm,  
And, sighing, asks for WAR's seductive charm ;  
For which he left a father's house, alone,  
To pine unnotic'd, and to die unknown ; 370  
Whilst round the tent expiring veterans lie ;  
His sad participants in misery !  
These are no scenes in Fancy's clothing dreft,  
Framed with strange cares to pierce the feeling breast;

But, true, too true ! for ere they bade farewell, 375

Thus, oh ye MOTHERS ! thus your CHILDREN fell.

If such the ills of war, by Heaven abhor'd !

What are YOUR CRIMES, ye Guardians of the sword,

At whose decision countless scabbards fly,

And murders fill the earth, and groans the sky ? 380

What are your crimes, if, sway'd by wealth or power,

Ye loose your " war-dogs " in ambition's hour ?

Contented view your subjects bleed and groan,

To add some bauble to a burthen'd throne ?

Or, that when Death ten thousand eyes has chain'd,

Courtiers may shout some glorious—feather gain'd ?

Sins so stupendous, here but seldom find,

That signal wrath of heaven which waits behind ;

Too foul such terpitude for mortal woe !

Too huge such crimes for cognizance below ! 390

Are they more innocent, with plenty crown'd,  
Who at the head of slaughtering hords are found?  
Whom stern necessity's remorseless hand  
Forc'd not to join the desolating band ?  
Who, seiz'd by Luxury's fever of the brain, 395  
Brandish the spear, and dangers brave, to gain  
A prize they well might spare, and which, possest,  
Leaves but a sting that rankles in their breast.  
If these from choice the savage path pursue,  
And in in the blood of MAN their spears embrue ;  
*Though JUSTICE* spare their lives, and Fame declare  
In many a hard campaign their valiant share,  
With war's BLACK AUTHORS be their deeds abhor'd,  
And EQUAL DOOMS their EQUAL CRIMES reward.

Yet, if invaded rights the task demand, 405  
If men behold opprest their native land,  
By foreign despots wandering far for prey,  
Who, locusts like, with ruin mark their way :

Or, if a factious band their schemes pursue,  
To GOD rebellious, and to MAN untrue; 410  
Who curse all crimes but those themselves have done,  
And wish to act the Tyrant's part, *alone* ;  
Triumphant stride o'er vanquish'd order's grave,  
And laugh to hear confusion's whirlwind rave :  
Or if a Monarch guide the public helm, 415  
In ruin's surge a nation to o'erwhelm ;  
Reward for foulest deeds a venal tribe,  
Nor shun to blacken whom he cannot bribe ;  
On power despotic rear a rush-built throne,  
And, crown'd for all, live to himself alone; 420  
Bid Justice stoop to servile Interest's awe ;  
His look a mandate, and his word a law.  
'Twill then be right to grasp the blazing spear,  
Be duty then the banner'd staff to rear ;  
To dare the fight at Freedom's sacred call, 425  
And, if by Heav'n decreed, exulting fall.

But, if embark'd to urge oppression's claim,  
For love of vengeance, or for thirst of fame  
Men heed the trumpet's bray, the clarion's call,  
Rush on to battle, and untimely fall; 430  
Fall, whilst extending War's tartarean brand !  
Fall, with the Murderer's dagger in their hand !  
—Compassion draws a veil, and leaves their wrongs  
With Heav'n, to whom decision's right belongs.





# MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN HENDERSON, A. B.

OF

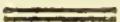
PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.



# MONODY

ON

JOHN HENDERSON.



IN life's gay prime, the Friend of Virtue died !  
Fair was the flower, but Heaven the fruit deny'd.  
As o'er thy tomb, my HENDERSON ! I bend,  
Shall I not praise thee, Scholar ! Christian ! Friend !  
The tears which o'er a Brother's recent grave  
Fond Nature sheds, those copious tears I gave :

But, now that Time her softening hues has brought,  
And mellow'd anguish into pensive thought ;  
Since through the varying scenes of life I've pass'd,  
Comparing still the former with the last ;  
I prize thee more ! The GREAT, the LEARN'D I see,  
Yet Mem'ry turns from *little men* to THEE,  
And views, with smiles that light her trembling tear,  
Thy Genius destin'd for a nobler sphere.

Silent too long this sorrowing heart hath been ;  
Thy worth too long unhonor'd have I seen ;  
And mark'd thy FAME, which, like the morning sky,  
Beam'd with full glory whilst the storm was nigh,  
Now with thy NEWTON's\* sleep (dear, valued mind,  
Who, dying, left no purer heart behind.)

\* The Reverend JAMES NEWTON was a particular friend of JOHN HENDERSON, and forms one, of many instances, where

If human spirits then *begin* to live  
When thy mortality's frail robe receive ;  
And, born to endless being, urge their way,  
Progressive travellers through the eternal day ;  
Dart wide the glance ; yet, dart on GOD alone ;  
Approaching still his ever-distant throne ;  
If, e'en the unletter'd PEASANT, in *that* flight  
Shall soar beyond a NEWTON's *earthly* height,  
To what shall HE attain, whose infant scan  
Pierc'd through the frames of nature and of man ?

'Twas his the times of elder fame to view,  
And all that GREECE or ROME e'er wrote or knew ;

superior learning and exalted virtues sink down to the grave,  
unknown by the world, and wept only by that confined circle  
who knew how to appreciate excellence ; but, whose praise,  
with its object, is soon carried away by " the onward-rolling  
waves of Time."

Now on bold pinion float mid Plato's blaze,  
Now patient tread the SCHOOLMAN's\* thorny maze.  
In thrice ten years his soul had run the round  
Of human knowledge in her depths profound ;  
Alike could mete the earth, or dart his eye  
To where, with suns, the Zodiac belts the sky,

\* Some Gentlemen of Pembroke College, OXFORD (amongst whom was the Master) willing to be satisfied of the reputation which JOHN HENDERSON had acquired for his knowledge of the SCHOOLMEN, made themselves acquainted with the arguments of THOMAS A'QUINAS on a particular point ; and then applied to HENDERSON for the opinions of that author on the same. Without any hesitation he gave them Thomas a'Quinas's sentiments upon the subject, in a long train of deductions and arguments. But, what rendered the circumstance most remarkable was, the strength of memory which he discovered, as he delivered himself *almost verbatim in the language of the Author he cited.*

This anecdote was received from DR. THOMAS BEDDOES, who was at that time a Member of Pembroke College, and a Professor in the same University.

Through æther rove on Wisdom's mounting car,  
And join the course of each revolving star.  
Yet could he shape the log or prune the tree,  
Or stoop to roll the marble on his knee.  
Ev'n as the Lark, by loftier flights opprest,  
That seeks at eve her calm and lowly nest ;  
Who yet when sleep no longer seals the eye,  
And light returning streaks the orient sky,  
Uprising, calls the opening morn her own,  
And revels in the tide of new-born day alone.

Not souls from him lay ambush'd, he could trace  
The mute, unlying, language of the face ;  
In manhood's varying features, knew to read  
The ruling passion stamp'd, the habitual deed ;  
And, through the acorn's fibrils, saw the hour  
When the tall Oak defy'd the tempest's power.

Though like an eagle he could stand sublime  
On summits which no toil might hope to climb ;  
And though, whene'er he spake, the pausing sage  
Wonder'd, and lov'd the idol of his age ;  
Yet did kind Heav'n one WORTHIER gift impart,  
The priceless treasure of a LOWLY HEART !  
O hear thou proud one ! thou, whose soul assumes  
Or Wisdom's robe, or Wit's fantastic plumes,  
Though Learning's Alpine height before him shone,  
He on the footstool rear'd a nobler throne :  
E'en children doated on his accent mild,  
And sported careless round their fellow child.

Ye sons of calumny ! go, hide your head !  
Away, ye VAMPIRES !\* that devour the dead !

\* The Vampires (in the mythology of the Hungarian superstition) are loathly Spirits, who delight to enter the graves of the newly-buried, and mangle their bodies.

Who fain would force the long-clos'd wound to bleed,  
And hunt through Paradise to find a weed.  
When droopt his frame beneath its restless lord,  
And cut its sheath the keenly-temper'd sword ;  
What, if an artificial aid he sought,  
Worn out with prodigality of thought !  
What if, his frail car driven with heedless force,  
He fired the wheels in his too rapid course !  
'Tis true, the midnight bowl he lov'd to share,\*  
Yet never cloud it rais'd, or maniac glare ;  
But, only made, with stimulation kind,  
The body wakeful to the unsleeping mind ;  
But only (till unmechaniz'd by death)  
Kept the pipe vocal to the player's breath.

\* The partiality of friendship must give place to the sacredness of truth : " his friends lamented this failing," which was both a solitary and a short-liv'd one, " and he himself sincerely repented of it. Of his fallen creatures, the God of heaven does not require more."

With wonted thought, with loftier eloquence,  
Truth's sacred precepts would he *then* dispense :  
So fair the effect that VIRTUE made a pause,  
And only, not forgave the faulty cause.

Guarded with pious joy, and vestal care,  
Those sacred hours let bleeding memory bear,  
When o'er his couch, with tears, I nightly hung,  
And drank the words of wisdom from his tongue.  
The simplest truths, that else had quickly fled,  
Strike with deep meaning from a sick friend's bed :  
How richly then his precepts must I prize,  
Lov'd by the good and echo'd by the wise.

But, where is all the sense that once was thine ?  
The grace that charm'd us ? and the wit divine ?  
Where are those lips that play'd so well their part ?  
And where that eye which analiz'd the heart ?

Now are they known no more!—the shivering frame  
Ponders on death, and sighs o'er human fame.  
The flower may please the eye and scent the air,  
Whilst in its folds the Canker-worm is there;  
For, like the flower, at morn we raise our head,  
And, ere the day be past, our life is fled.  
Yet, when, for virtues famed, the reasoning sage,  
Vanquish'd by death, forsakes this mortal stage,  
His parting hopes or fears imperious rise,  
And, as we lov'd the man, his words we prize.  
Oh, hither come, all ye! whose smoaky lamps  
Burn dim and foul mid doubts unwholesome damps,  
Who pine in vain for intellectual food,  
And o'er the void of cold conjecture brood;  
Oh hither come, all ye! who dare deride  
That Faith, which blooms alone by Virtue's side,  
Who spurn the truths which wiser minds receive,  
And just have wit enough to disbelieve:

Oh hither come ! from me, the mourner, hear  
What tranquil smiles a CHRISTIAN's lips can wear,  
When some kind Angel sooths the labouring breath,  
And lifts the emancipating wand of death.

Then only not the friend of ALL mankind,  
When to THYSELF a foe—farewell, GREAT MIND !  
We wander tearful through this vale below,  
But thou art there, where tears forget to flow ;  
Where LOVE and JOY eternal vigils hold,  
And scatter healing as their wings unfold ;  
Where souls their radiant course for ever run,  
Like Planets circling the Almighty Sun.

If friendship be a flower, whose am'ranth bloom  
Endures that heavenly clime ; beyond the tomb,  
I, haply I, thy honor'd form may see ;  
And thou, perchance, with joy remember me ;

Hail my escape from grief's distemper'd train,  
And be my loved Instructor once again.  
Teach me what snares my mortal steps assail'd,  
And by what secret impulse I prevail'd :  
Dispel the mists upborn by Error's rays,  
Unfold the doors of Wisdom to my gaze ;  
Instruct mine eye, to grasp with nobler sense,  
The dark, mysterious rounds of Providence.

And whilst with trembling awe, and sacred dread,  
Before the OMNISCIENT's throne, my palm I spread.  
Aid thou my tongue to thank that Lamb above,  
Whose words were blessings and whose life was love.

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SKETCHES  
OF THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
JOHN HENDERSON.

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JOHN HENDERSON, the subject of the preceding Monody, was born at *Limeric*, but came to England at an early age with his parents: discovering from his infancy the presages of a great mind. Without retracing the steps of his progression, a general idea may be formed of them, from the circumstance of his having *professionally taught* GREEK and LATIN in a public Seminary at the age of twelve years.

Some time after, his Father (a man of a most expanded heart and enlightened understanding, every way worthy of his Son) commencing a Boarding-school in the neighbourhood of *Bristol*, young HENDERSON engaged with him to teach the Classics, which he did with much reputation; extending at the same time his own knowledge in the sciences and general literature to a degree that rendered him a prodigy of intelligence to all around him; and his abilities will appear the more eminent, when it is understood that the only regular source of improvement he possessed, was, books, and the energy of his own mind.

At the age of eighteen he had not only thoughtfully perused the popular English authors, but taken an extensive survey of foreign literature, as well as scrutinized with the minutest attention into the obfo-

lete writers of the two preceding centuries; preserving at the same time a distinguishing sense of their respective merits, particular sentiments, and characteristic traits; which on proper occasions he commented upon in a manner that astonished the learned listner, not more by his profound remarks than his cool and sententious eloquence. So surprisingly retentive was his memory, that he rendered likely and almost surpassed the hitherto incredible narrations of Creichton and Psalmanazor: whilst the ideas he had been so rapidly accumulating were not in his mind a tangled forest, or huge chaos, but were organized into systems, and laid out into fertile gardens. It was this quality which made him so superior a disputant: for as his mind had investigated the various systems and hypotheses of men, as promulgated in different ages, so had his almost intuitive discrimination stript them of their deceptive appen-

dages, and separated fallacy from truth ; marshalling their arguments so as to elucidate or detect each other : yet he never interrupted the most tedious or confused opponent, tho' from his pithy questions, he made it evident, that from the first, he had anticipated the train and consequences of their reasonings. His favourite studies were Mathematics, Astronomy, Theology, Chemistry, and Metaphysics ; and that his attainments were not superficial will be readily admitted by those who knew him best.—As a Linguist he was acquainted with the Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Saxon languages ; together with the French, Spanish, Italian, and German ; and not only knew their ruling principles and predominant distinctions, so as to *read* them with facility, but in the greater part *conversed* fluently.

Like SERVIN (as recorded by SULLY) he was of a disposition to *do* as well as to *know* all things, and consequently distinguished himself for his skill in many of the mechanic arts. Though not of the higher order of attainments, it may not be improper to mention his singular talent for IMITATION. He could not only assume the dialect of every nation in Europe, but the accent of particular districts so completely, that he might have passed for an inhabitant of either: and of the variations of the human voice in different individuals, his recollection was so acute, and the modulation of his voice so extended, that having once conversed with a person, he most accurately imitated his gestures and articulation for ever after.

He was also a warm advocate for the science of PHYSIOGNOMY, and discovered in his frequent decisions not an occasional develop-

developement of character, but a clear perception of the seconday, as well as predominant tendencies of the mind,

“ Making his eye the inmate of each bosom.”

His conversation was such as might have been expected from a man whose fancy was so creative, whose knowledge omnifarious, and whose recollection so unbounded. He combined scholastic accuracy with unaffected ease; condensed and pointed, yet rich and perspicuous. Were it possible for his numerous friends by any energy of reminiscence to collect his discourse, JOHN HENDERSON would be distinguished as a voluminous author, who yet preserved a Spartan frugality of words.

In all companies he led the conversation: yet, though he was perpetually encircled by admirers,

admirers, his steady mind decreased not its charms, by a supercilious self-opinion of them: nor did he assume that as a *Right*, which the wishes of his friends rendered a *Duty*: he led the conversation; for silence or diminished discourse would have been deservedly deemed vanity, as though he had desired to make his friends feel the value of his instructions from the temporary loss of them. But in no instance was his superiority oppressive: calm, attentive, and cheerful, he confuted more gracefully than others compliment: the tone of dogmatism and the smile of contempt were equally unknown to him. Sometimes indeed he raised himself stronger and more lofty in his eloquence, then chiefly, when fearful for his weaker brethren, he opposed the arrogance of the illiterate Deist, or the worse jargon of sensual and cold-blooded Atheism. The clouds of Ignorance, which enveloped their understandings, steamed up from the pollutions of their hearts: he

he crowded his fails and bore down upon with salutary violence.

But the qualities which most exalted JOHN HENDERSON in the estimation of his friends, were his high sense of honor, and the benevolence of his heart: not that honor which originates in a jealous love of the world's praise, nor that benevolence which delights only in publicity of well-doing. His honor was the anxious Delicacy of a Christian, who regarded his soul as a sacred Pledge, that must some time be re-delivered to the Almighty Lender: his benevolence a circle in which SELF indeed might be the center, but ALL THAT LIVES was the circumference.—This tribute of respect to thy name and virtues, my beloved HENDERSON! is paid by one, who was once proud to call thee TUTOR, who once enjoyed thy friend-  
ship,

ship, and who will do honor to thy memory  
til his spirit rests with thine.

By those who were unacquainted with JOHN HENDERSON's character, it may naturally be asked, "What test has he left to the world of the distinguished talents ascribed to him?"—None.—I am however happy in having it in my power to disclose a sentiment he cherished, which, whilst it teaches humility to the proud, explains the cause of that silence so generally regretted. Upon my expressing to him some concern at his not having benefited mankind by the result of his deep and varied investigations —he replied, "More men become writers " from ignorance than from knowledge.— " Many claims to originality must be pro- " nounced null, unless the Authors can " convict their forefathers of plagiarism. " —Let us think slowly and write late."

Thus

Thus the vastness and variety of his acquirements, and the diffidence of his own mental maturity alike prevented him from illuminating mankind, till DEATH called him to graduate in a sphere more favourable to the range of his soaring and comprehensive mind.—He died at OXFORD in November, 1788, in the 32d year of his age ; of which University for some years he had been the pride and ornament.

It would be wrong to close this brief account of JOHN HENDERSON without naming two other qualities with which he was eminently endowed ; first, the ascendancy he had acquired over his *temper*. There are moments in which, from a variety of causes, most persons are susceptible of a transient irritability ; but the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected : it was a state of mind he

he retained under *all* circumstances, \* and which to his Pupils he never failed forcibly to inculcate, together with that unshaken firmness of mind which encounters the unavoidable misfortunes of this life without repining, and that from the noblest principle, from a conviction that they are regulated by Him who cannot err, and who in his severest allotments designs only our ultimate good ; in a letter to one of them he expresses himself, " See that you govern your Passions. What should grieve us but our infirmities ? what make us angry but our own faults ? a man who knows he is mortal, and that all the

" world

\* As a Proof of his self command, the following circumstance may be adduced ; during his residence at Oxford. A Student of a neighbouring College, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned HENDERSON : some mutual friends introduced him ; and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and

“ world will pass away, and by and by seem  
“ only like a tale—a sinner who knows his  
“ sufferings are all less than his sins, and de-  
“ signed to break him from them—one who  
“ knows that every thing in this world is a  
“ seed that will have its fruit in Eternity—  
“ that GOD is the best—the only good  
“ Friend—that in him is all we want—that  
“ every thing is ordered for the best—so  
“ that it could not be better, however we  
“ take it; he who believes this in his heart  
“ is happy. Such be you—may you always  
“ farewell,

and moderation; but HENDERSON's Antagonist perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a Gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance) threw a full glass of wine *in his Face*: HENDERSON without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, “ This Sir is a *digression*: now for the Argument.” It is hardly necessary to add, the insult was resented by the Company's turning the aggressor out of the room.

“ farewell,—be the friend of GOD ! again  
“ farewell.”

The other quality referred to, was, the *simplicity* and *condescension* of his manners : from the gigantic stature of his mind, he was enabled to trample down his pigmy competitors : and qualified to enforce his unquestioned superiority ; but his mind was SOFT, his manners UNASSUMING, and his bosom the receptacle of all the SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

It is these virtues alone which can disarm Superiority of its terrors, and make the eye, which is raised in wonder, beam at the same moment with affection. There have been intellectual as well as civil despots, whose motto seems to have been, “ Let them “ hate, provided they fear.” Such men may

triumph in their tremendous pre-eminence ; but they will never, as was JOHN HENDERSON, be followed by the Child, loved by the Ignorant, yet emulated by the Wife.

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JOHN HENDERSON was buried in St. George's Church-Yard, KINGSWOOD, two miles from Bristol.—The following Epitaph was written for his tomb-stone :

SCULPTOR, forbear ! nor seek the chisel's aid  
To add a mole-hill to a mount of fame :  
Say, humble stone, here HENDERSON is laid,  
And bear the best of Epitaphs—his name.

---

AN ATTEMPT AT A  
FREE PARAPHRASE

OF SOME PART OF THE  
EIGHTEENTH PSALM.



# PARAPHRASE

OF THE

## EIGHTEENTH PSALM.

---

FROM the deep anguish of a wounded mind,  
When no relief my troubled soul could find ;  
When funk my breast at enmity's dark frown,  
And like a flood th' ungodly bore me down :  
I felt the crimes to which my heart was prone,  
That youth had cherish'd, or that age had known ;

And trembling at the black and countless train,  
Saw HELL in triumph shake her giant chain.  
Then on the mercy of my God I thought,  
Whose guardian power, thro' infancy, had brought  
My wayward spirit, and to manhood's form  
Shelter'd my head through many a wintry storm.  
Fir'd with affection's holy flame I cry'd,  
Thee will I love, oh Lord, the Patriarch's guide !  
Thee will I love, for thou the sword canst wield !  
Thee will I love, oh Lord, my mighty shield !

When those who hate thy law against me came,  
Mock'd me to scorn, and curst Jehovah's name ;  
While thro' th' applauding land their railings flew,  
I call'd upon the God my fathers knew.  
That God, whose word upholds the rolling stars,  
Tho' served by Seraphs in their Sun-girt cars !

Tho' storms and tempests form his awful train !  
And Angels hymn a never-ending strain !  
Tho' all the orbs the midnight heavens display,  
And all the suns that throng the milky way,  
Hang on his smile for life ! he smiles on all,  
Yet stoops to hear the good man's secret call !  
He mark'd the foes my sorrowing heart abhor'd,  
Whose bitter tongues had slander'd Israel's Lord ;  
He saw the worm revolting at its God,  
And bade the vallies quake, the mountains nod.

Now from the realms above, the Lord of light,  
Downward to earth directs his beaming flight.  
Whilst Heaven, all darkness, mourns no God-head nigh, \*  
He glides serene, amid the stormy sky !  
Moves, undisturb'd, tho' lightnings blaze around !  
Tho' bellowing whirlwinds shake creation's bound !

\* The PERSONALITY of DEITY is agreeable to the tenor of the Psalm.

Dreadless, the terrors he had rais'd, surveys,  
And while aghast the trembling Cherubs gaze,  
With thought all-mighty calms each follower's mind,  
And rides upon the pinions of the wind.

Hark ! from the clouds convulsive thunders break !  
From either pole Earth's central Caverns shake !  
Their heads, in dust, the forest tall Pines hide !  
The lofty Cedars rock on every side !  
Mountains and hills, in wild confusion nod ;  
Before the wind of Heaven—before the voice of God.

Now the pale host, who late high Heaven could dare  
Shrink as the bright blaze darts its forked glare ;  
And, stretch'd on crags, immur'd in raylesf den,  
Trembling retire the impious sons of men.

The Lord was wrath : when darkness veil'd the sky !  
He frown'd, and discord jarr'd the worlds on high !  
Then the foundations of the earth appear'd ;  
Ocean, upturn, her deepest channels rear'd ;  
Whilst NATURE, rising from her secret bed,  
In speechless anguish waves her hoary head ;  
Starts, as the whirlwind traverses the air,  
And shiv'ring, dreads her last short moment near.

He, who prepar'd creation's varied form,  
Who speaks majestic in the midnight storm,  
Whose word dissolves the pillars of the sky,  
Whilst as a scroll the Heavens are passed by ;  
Lives not alone to raise the view sublime,  
Moves not indifferent to the deeds of time,  
But, passing mortal thought ! inclines his ear,  
To man's repentant sigh and contrite tear.

Thee well we love, oh Lord ! unchanging friend !  
To thine abode our grateful songs shall tend ;  
For thou canst raise us from the silent dust,  
And art our friend, our fortress, and our trust.

Shall ought prescribe the limits of thy reign ?  
Boundless as Heaven ! 'tis impotent and vain !  
Whose lifted arm no hostile power can bind ;  
Scatt'ring its foes upon the tempest's wind.  
Our God sustains the glowing orb of day ;  
He bade the pale Moon beam a milder ray ;  
He call'd, from nothing, countless Suns to burn ;  
He speaks,—and back to nothing they return.  
May we resign'd behold his arrows fly,  
Nor dare provoke his judgments lest we die.

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# RICARDO AND CASSANDRA,

A

MORAL TALE.



# RICARDO AND CASSANDRA,

A

## MORAL TALE.

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INTEMPERANCE ! King of Death's aye hov'ring train,  
How many thorns o'erspread thy drear domain !  
How many miriads round thy temple flee,  
And LIFE, and HONOR, sacrifice to thee.  
What wild conceit allures their steps away,  
Round thine eternal ice-bound realm to stray ?  
Where never WORTH surveys the sterl sphere,  
Where never PLEASURE views CONTENTMENT near.

RICARDO, once the theme of ev'ry song,  
Thro' early life sequester'd, past along ;  
His MOTHER taught his infant thought to rise,  
Up where Creation's Founder gems the skies ;  
Improved his heart from white-rob'd Virtue's store,  
Enlarged his mind with scientific lore,  
Taught him to root-out prejudice, nor care,  
Splendor, and pomp, and artificial glare,  
Which caught the vulgar eye, which rais'd the vulgar stare.  
And thus, by tears obstructed, would she say,  
“ Let me, the debt thy FATHER owed thee, pay.  
“ How few of all the countless sons of men,  
“ Run the full round of threescore years and ten !  
“ How much does VICE curtail life's little thread,  
“ And swell the army of inglorious dead !  
“ Shun the dark FIEND, before whose jaundiced eye  
“ Creation frowns, and Tempests sweep the sky.

“ In all thy strides o'er learning's thorny ground  
“ Let not CONCEIT within thy breast be found.  
“ What tho' thy soul enlighten'd burst her tomb,  
“ And call fair science from her cloister'd gloom ;  
“ Yet, if with all, soft MODESTY should die,  
“ And lordly PRIDE distend thy tow'ring eye ;  
“ The silver stream of happiness 'twill stem,  
“ And rob thy bosom of its brightest gem.  
“ HUMILITY ! that gift by Heaven bestow'd,  
“ To WORTH's bright Temple points the certain road ;  
“ Imparts to LEARNING's pinion, angel power,  
“ And adds new graces to the bending flower.”

Not more enlarg'd his mind than fair his face,  
His manly form the seat of ev'ry grace ;  
No lurking, mean suspicion damp'd his breast ;  
No interest sway'd the friendship he profest ;

No little cunning clos'd his full-orb'd eye ;  
Which, forward glancing, beam'd with Majesty ;  
And as he spake of TRUTH his face would shine,  
And as he told her worth 'twas melody divine.

Amid the Passions brave which most adorn  
The breast of man, in life's unclouded morn ;  
He was not left to mourn, thy empire, LOVE !  
And, thro' a World of FLOWERS, unconscious rove :  
CASSANDRA, dear to all whom virtue sway'd,  
The Youth had long his heart's best homage paid.

Pride of her sex, CASSANDRA liv'd to please,  
Polite with dignity, reserved with ease ;  
Prompt to relieve the sigh, assuage the tear ;  
In friendship stedfast, and in love sincere.

As thro' the flow'ry vale the fond pair stray'd,  
Or wander'd lonely thro' the forest glade ;  
The fair-one's lily hand RICARDO prest,  
And told the love that warm'd his glowing breast :  
And when the Maid would say, " O flatt'ring Youth,  
" Does on thy words attend immortal truth ?"  
As light'ning quick RICARDO would reply,  
" Pride of my heart, and idol of my eye,  
" If ever false this throbbing breast shall prove,  
" If ever other than CASSANDRA love ;  
May I ! pursued by heart-distracting woe,  
Scorn'd by mankind, thro' earth unshelter'd go.

RICARDO yet of life had little known,  
Nor felt the crimes to which his heart was prone ;  
Nor knew the toils, clad in seductive dress,  
That lure unthinking Youths to wretchedness.

RICARDO's friends had urged him to survey,  
The varying charms which distant climes display ;  
To store his mind with more than books could teach,  
And wisdom gain beyond the vulgar reach.

A TUTOR soon they found to bear him part :  
Calm were his words, but tempest was his heart.  
This world of shadows and this life of toil,  
Where VIRTUE drooping seeks a better soil :  
This world so fill'd with barrenness and shade,  
To all his views a dark horizon made.

Yet could he tell what Greek or Roman told  
Of Monarch heartless, or Plebeian bold ;  
What Chieftains, Kings, and Senators were found  
In councils honor'd, or in wars renown'd.  
To know what virtues other minds had known,  
He deem'd enough to constitute his own ;  
For in his breast no love of truth remain'd  
His grov'ling soul deceit and falsehood chain'd ;

He own'd no pitying eye that loved to flow,  
When Grief in sadness told a brother's woe ;  
No foot that toil'd another's good to gain,  
No heart that throbb'd to ease a brother's pain ;  
Wrapt in himself, he cast the world behind,  
And found in his reward, the world he scorn'd, unkind.

RICARDO, ere thro' GALLIA's realm he mov'd,  
Was modest, chaste, and all that Virtue lov'd ;  
But, doom'd to meet the GAMBLER's *deadly crew*,  
They soon within their toils RICARDO drew ;  
And whilst they stript his purse, with courteous guile,  
Poison'd his bosom with their converse vile.

The youth, who long contending with the wave,  
Marks the high surge, and hears the tempest rave,  
Whilst in a moment o'er the vessel's side,  
Masts, cords, and sails are swallow'd in the tide ;

Surveys the stormy scene with faltering breath,  
And dreads in every blast the FORM OF DEATH:  
Yet, if the HULL be found, he still may share  
A Father's blessing and a Mother's care.

So, he who fails on Pleasure's rocky sea,  
At length may mark the crags and danger flee:  
Trembling survey the quicksands he has crost:  
But, when the MIND IS POISON'D, ALL is lost.  
A world unknown RICARDO's eye perceives,  
And once-lov'd paths now unregretted leaves.  
Tumult and noise he seeks with endless care,  
Flies to escape REMORSE's frightful glare,  
Joins in the song, extends the circling fume,  
And fills his BUMPER to,—he cares not whom?  
Hears gentle Conscience whisper, but in vain,  
Drinks with the Drunkard, swears with the Profane;  
Recounts their toasts and tales with cordial glee,  
And laughs most loud at thee, oh CHASTITY!

When injur'd VIRTUE leaves her calm retreat,  
VICE soon supplies the desolated seat ;  
When once the bosom scorns her mild controul,  
Ten thousand evils crowd upon the soul.

CASSANDRA now no longer fans his flame,  
The scoul of HATRED rises at her name :  
For LOVE, chaste LOVE, disdains the vicious breast,  
And blooms alone where VIRTUE fits careft.

Two years elaps'd in Folly's baneful train,  
The youth resolves to visit home again :  
His form, which once might with ADONIS vie,  
His step matur'd, and meditating eye,  
His placid brow which spake superior sence,  
His honest smile, and look of diffidence ;  
Now like a dream remain'd ; whilst pale and wan  
The present shape disgrac'd the former man.

With hectic cough he slowly mov'd along,  
Whisper'd his joke, or faintly humm'd his song ;  
Till in due time he saw the village dome,  
Till with decrepid step he reach'd his home.

With heart entranc'd his MOTHER ran to greet ;  
“ My son ! my son !” she cried, “ I heard his feet,  
“ I heard his well-known voice, or seem'd to hear !”  
I am your son, reply'd his shadow near.  
“ Imposter vile ! thou slanderer of the youth !  
“ My son look'd modest, and his smile was truth.  
“ But if thou art my son !” the mother said,  
“ At what curst shrine hast thou thine homage paid ?  
“ What Fiend of Hell uptore fair Virtue's fence,  
“ And robb'd thy beaming eye of innocence ?”

With steps all faltering, and with looks all hate,  
Scarce could his feeble limbs support their weight :

For Vice in her dark train had held him long,  
And charm'd him with her soul-seducing song ;  
And led his footsteps by her twilight gleam,  
Till on the verge of Death's oblivious stream.

Far from those scenes RICARDO render'd dear,  
CASSANDRA past her hours, and itrove to cheer  
The tedious moments of his lengthen'd stay,  
In list'ning to the homely Roundelay  
Of SCOTIA's Rustics, when at silver eve  
They met to sing or mazy circle weave ;  
But still the Maiden's heart to love was true,  
But still RICARDO's image was in view,  
Still for his sake she felt her bosom burn,  
And when the tidings came of his return,  
With anxious joy and palpitating breast,  
She sought the travell'd Youth, by fancy drest

In all the charms that Love could picture forth,  
In beauty, honor, dignity, and worth ;  
And as his room she enter'd with delight,  
(Where, feebly glimmering, beam'd a taper's light)  
She cast her eye with wistful glance around,  
And on a distant Couch RICARDO found :  
Stretch'd as in death his senseless members lay :  
His eye, erst gleaming with effulgent ray,  
At fair CASSANDRA's sight, now round her stray'd,  
Nor show'd emotion at the once-lov'd Maid.

As when a Lamb, by angry lightnings slain,  
Extended lies upon the storm-drench'd plain ;  
Some neighbouring SHEPHERD, doubtful of the cause,  
With anxious step around the suff'r'r draw's ;  
Unknowing, first, if 'tis his fleecy charge,  
Or one of flocks that range the plain at large ;

Till, closer prying,—piteous is his state,  
He knows the wanderer, and deplores his fate.

So fair CASSANDRA, trembling, view'd his face ;  
What once was lovely, fancied she could trace ;  
And now in doubt remain'd ; till, by his eye  
She saw indeed RICARDO's self was nigh ;  
Startling and wild, exclaim'd the sorrowing Maid,  
“ And art thou he to whom my vows were paid ?  
“ For whom my prayers (regardless of repose)  
“ Have linger'd through the night till morn arose ?  
“ What means that alter'd cheek ? that sudden start ?  
“ That cold, cold look that petrifies my heart ? ”  
She paus'd awhile ;—when, on her list'ning ear,—  
RICARDO breath'd his last.—In wild amaze,  
On his clos'd eye CASSANDRA fix'd her gaze :  
When,—low the funk upon his breathless clay,  
And thus with soul all agoniz'd did say ;

Cold is my heart, and dim my aching sight ;  
The day-star of my hope is sunk in night.—

And as she homeward thro' the church-yard stray'd  
And mark'd a tomb beneath a yew-tree's shade ;  
This be my lot, she cry'd; and let me be,  
Clos'd in one grave, my BETTER SELF, with THEE.  
But fifteen suns had spread their radiance wide,  
Before CASSANDRA droop'd her head and died ;  
And bury'd was the Maid close by her Lover's side.

And when to prayers the Sunday church bells toll,  
And neighbouring RUSTICS, musing as they stroll,  
The new rais'd mound of fair CASSANDRA pass,  
And mark the red earth spotted o'er with grafts ;  
A deep-toned sigh bespeaks their burthen'd hearts,  
Whilst ever from their eyes the tear unconscious starts.

Even the OLD SEXTON, whom no common fate  
Stops in his road, and leads to contemplate,  
Here, pauses sad, and to the Children nigh,  
Tells, that beneath a hapless couple lie ;  
The YOUTH who once a matchless Fair admired,  
Till vice prevail'd, and love and life expired :  
The MAID, who mark'd the change, with wasting care,  
And died at last the Victim of despair.

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LEE BOO,

A

P O E M.

## *ARGUMENT.*

LEE BOO, and his Father ABEA THULLE conversing,  
TIME, the evening before the PRINCE departed with  
the ENGLISH.—SCENE, the sea-shore.

# LEE BOO.

## A POEM.

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“ GO! dauntless, go! the Sire of Pélew cry’d.  
“ Long have I rear’d thee with unsleeping care,  
“ Child of thy Father’s love! But now prepare  
“ To cross the green sea perilous and wide, (1)  
“ These strangers, Lée Boo! be thy future guide.  
“ For know, my son, beyond the isles I sway  
“ Of Oroolong or Keth, or Coroora, (2)

“ Still other lands in smiling verdure rise,

“ And other oceans sweep reclining skies.

“ I see thy young eye sparkle at the tale !

“ Yes, with these daring ENGLISH shalt thou sail ;

“ With them direct the Bark of towering form,

“ And ride like them triumphant thro’ the storm. (3)

“ King of these isles, a long and glorious reign !

“ Has ABBA THULLE liv’d, nor liv’d in vain !

“ His subjects smile beneath his equal sway,

“ And new-born pleasures charm each opening day ,

“ His envying foes gaze at his empire vast,

“ Yet from his arm uplifted—shrink aghast.

“ The wisdom which his far-fam’d Sires possest

“ Has long and amply ABBA THULLE blest ;

“ None better know the Plantain grove to rear,

“ To cleave the tree, or launch the massy spear ;

“ To guide with nicer skill the sea-form’d knife, (4)  
“ Or save from fierce disease the sufferer’s life.  
“ Yet hear, the unheard tidings I proclaim!  
“ Hear me, my son ! and mark my kindling shame !  
“ As shrink the sea-mists from the wilder’d eye,  
“ When the warm sun resplendent mounts the sky ;  
“ So from the skill these unknown Whites display,  
“ Your father’s high-priz’d wisdom dies away.”

The astonish’d youth awhile his thoughts supprest ;  
Then, rous’d by wonder, thus his Sire addrest :  
“ What ! does the world a distant Isle contain, (5)  
“ That has not learn’d great ABBA THULLE’s reign ?  
“ Methought the Sun for THEE resplendent shone,  
“ And that the stars were form’d for us alone :  
“ Hadst thou not told me other parts there were,  
“ With seas as spacious, and with lands as fair ;

“ Viewing these blue-vein’d strangers on THY earth, (6)  
“ I should have judg’d the waves had giv’n them birth !  
“ Their skins so foully white ! unknown their tale  
“ Their limbs so fetter’d, (7) and their teeth so pale ! (8)  
“ But though no Bones like ours their arms array, (9)  
“ Nor healthful brown their sickly forms display ;  
“ Yet, why should colour change the feeling mind ?  
“ In being men, I love my fellow-kind :  
“ And, as the Sire of Lée Boo bids his son,  
“ The thorn-strew’d path of duty, boldly run  
“ Fearless and calm I quit my father’s throne  
“ To brave the dangers of a world unknown.  
“ Yet let me ask, shall we, so weak a band,  
“ Dread the fierce vengeance of no mightier hand ?  
  
“ No !” cried the father, “ legions may assail,  
“ But where the daring race that shall prevail ?

“ When ARTINGALL prov’d faithless to her trust, (10)  
“ And laid thine Uncle prostrate in the dust ;  
“ When my fierce wrath against her treach’ry rose,  
“ And hosts prepar’d to scourge thy father’s foes ;  
“ Awhile we strove, awhile we hurl’d the spear,  
“ Yet saw we not exultant triumph near :  
“ But, when these white men, merciful, yet brave,  
“ Born to subject the earth, and rule the wave !  
“ When these our squadrons led, swift as the wind,  
“ Our foes, retreating, left the palm behind :  
“ Then fear not, child ! to leave thy native isle,  
“ And on thy kindred cast a parting smile.  
“ I would not, Lée Boo ! urge thee thus to roam  
“ O’er the wide ocean, from thy peaceful home,  
“ Did not the hope inspire thy father’s breast,  
“ That, ere his bones beneath the cold sod rest,  
“ The countless arts these strangers hither bore,  
“ Should richly thrive on Pèlew’s favour’d shore.

“ Thou on the morrow’s dawn shalt join the band,  
“ About to leave thy father’s fruitful land ;  
“ The stormy ocean thou shalt nobly dare,  
“ And soon exulting to thy country bear,  
“ News of the climes o’er which thy feet have stray’d  
“ And tidings of achievements there display’d :  
“ And, when triumphant from the trackless way  
“ Thy feet return, and distant arfs display ;  
“ The choicest Bone shall tell thy well-earn’d praise,  
“ A Rupack’s honors crown thy future days.” (11)

“ Thank thee, my Sire !” the youth rejoicing said :  
“ The untrodden path will Lée Boo dauntless tread ;  
“ He shall survey what other lands there are,  
“ Improvement learn from Pèlew’s isles afar ;  
“ Collect of all his scepter’d Sire would see,  
“ And hope for happiness in pleasing thee,

“ And, when the appointed moons their course shall run,  
“ Ere back to Pèlew turns thy wandering son ;  
“ Then shall he charm thee with the wonderous tale  
“ Of all the dangers that befel his sail ;  
“ Recount, with tears of transport in his eye,  
“ Each fearful whirlwind roaring through the sky,  
“ Each sea he travers’d, and each country new,  
“ Since to his Father’s arms he bade adieu.

“ But to my DORACK now the news I bear,  
“ Receive her blessing, and her transport share.”

And now the youth enraptur’d urg’d his way,  
To where his DORACK’s secret dwelling lay ;  
And, when arriv’d upon the causeway nigh (12)  
Catching her Lée Boo’s pleasure-speaking eye,  
She rose to meet the idol of her heart,  
And in his sudden transport claim’d a part.

“ Oh, my fond DORACK ! I have news to name  
“ That shall with joy thy throbbing heart inflame ;  
“ Know then, from Pèlew, with these strangers fair,  
“ Is Lée Boo fixt their glorious lot to share !  
“ To roam with them the trackless ocean o'er,  
“ And search with them the world's remotest shore :  
“ For, hear with wonder ! where the blue-edg'd main  
“ Connects the heavens in one continued chain ;  
“ Or, farther still, beyond the verge of sight,  
“ Where all is bliss supreme and endless light,  
“ A race of white men dwell, who, like the sky,(13)  
“ Deal forth their thunder, and ten thousand die !  
“ These are my friends ! with them I cross the sea,  
“ Pleas'd with the opening world, and mourning only thee,  
“ And when returning to my native isle,  
“ Weary'd with toil, I seek thy cheering smile,  
“ Whilst all I have lies prostrate at thy feet,  
“ Oh, with what untold transport shall we meet !

“ Give me thy blessing, DORACK, e'er I stray,  
 “ And oft will I recount thy praises far away.”

“ When doest thou go? and how?” the Maiden cries,  
 Pale turn'd her cheeks, and wildly beam'd her eyes.

The Youth reply'd, half wond'ring at the sight,  
 Whilst rude conjecture lent her dubious light;  
 “ Even now, my DORACK! do I wait to share  
 “ Thy fervent blessing and thy parting prayer.”

“ What phantom of the ever-restless brain  
 “ Has thy poor mind possest? refrain! refrain!  
 “ Do not hereafter for thy rashness weep!  
 “ Nor seek to taste the perils of the deep!  
 “ Let these strange white men from our coast retire, (14)  
 “ And thou contented sojourn with thy sire.”

“ My Father bids me go, with purpose stern,  
“ And now impatient waits his son’s return.”  
“ Ah, say not so ! the trembling Maid reply’d,  
“ I cannot let thee cross the ocean wide !”

(She paus’d, and from the tumult of her soul  
Adown her cheek the tear unconscious stole.)

To her the Youth, “ O cease that bitter woe,  
“ Not for myself but Pèlew’s realm I go.”

When thus the Maiden urged her soft reply,  
“ Live with thy friends, nor from thy DORACK fly.  
“ Why shouldst thou wish to leave thy peaceful home,  
“ And thro’the world with pale-faced strangers roam,  
“ To quit the land where every joy arose,  
“ To rouze thine heart or lull it to repose ?

“ Where smiling plenty all her dainties spread!  
“ And light-robed Pleasure play’d around thy head !  
“ Wholike thy race such ponderous spears can throw?  
“ Where can such YAMS regale or CHINAM grow ? (15)  
“ What clime like ours her plaintain grove can boast? (16)  
“ Her palm-tree forest, and her shell-lin’d coast ?  
“ To cure the restless wandering of thy mind,  
“ Thou seek’st on distant shores, that peace to find  
“ Which only thrives by Friendship’s hallow’d side ;  
“ Where souls congenial stem misfortune’s tide.”

“ I would not leave thee thus, the Youth reply’d,  
“ Thou best of womankind ! mine only pride !  
“ Did I not trust again thy smile to meet,  
“ And lay my humble offerings at thy feet :  
“ Without thy cheering smile the world would cloy,  
“ And my robb’d bosom starve with all its joy.”

Faintly, and slow, the drooping Maiden said,  
Whilst the wind whistling shook her reeden shed, (17)  
“ Should’st thou, by Folly urged, from Pèlew roam,  
“ And chance conduct thy storm-beat vessel home,  
“ No DORACK’s eye shall live to see the hour !  
“ No DORACK’s blossoms deck thy favourite bower !  
“ But, stern-brow’d DEATH behold her mourn for thee,  
“ And, pitying, set her drooping spirit free.”

“ Ah, fay not so ! ” the shiv’ring Youth reply’d,  
“ Nay ! more I tell thee,” urg’d the promised bride,  
“ If, sway’d by madness, thou these councils spurn,  
“ Never, ah never shall *thy* feet return !  
“ I see thy cold corse float before mine eye !  
“ Tell me, loved Youth ! oh why will Lée Boo die ?  
“ What can this grief-corroded bosom know,  
“ But one eternal round of phrenzying woe,

“ Whilst wandering on the beach I mark the surge,  
“ And hear the hoarse wind sing its mournful dirge?  
“ Thinking how thy little bark shalt save,  
“ Amid the driving blast, the mountain wave.  
“ Then will reflection bring these warnings near,  
“ And cold Remorse his thorn-strew'd altar rear;  
“ Exulting force your conquer'd heart to bend,  
“ And call on Death, your stern, but only friend.

“ Exclaim'd the Youth, “ My DORACK, dry thy tear,  
“ Let nobler views thy sinking bosom cheer;  
“ What tho' thy Lée Boo wander far away,  
“ And thou deplore each long and cheerless day;  
“ Think of the cause, for which he dares the tide,  
“ And bid those bosom-rending tears, subside.  
“ For tho' the mild affection of thine eye,  
“ No other Maid may boast or clime supply,

“ And tho’ resolved, whatever storm prevail,  
“ To smile at danger, and defy the gale ;  
“ Tho’ bent to traverse, far from Pèlew’s shore,  
“ Seas spreading vast, and realms unknown before.  
“ Yet at thy name his secret tear shall flow !  
“ For thee his heart with fixt affection glow !  
“ And whilst he wanders through the world afar,  
“ Thy form shall hover round in midnight’s shadowy  
“ car.”

“ Vain are your words,” reply’d the weeping Maid,  
“ We want no stranger’s artificial aid,  
“ And tho’ no Boats like theirs protect our coast,  
“ Nor Thula’s sons their varying knowledge boast ;  
“ Yet humbler arts our humbler minds possess ;  
“ Yet, still we know enough for happiness. (18)  
“ Are they more peaceful ? or more free from woe ?  
“ More true to honor, for the arts they know ?

“ Hast thou not told me with a scornful frown,  
“ What discords fierce disturb’d their little town ? (19)  
“ And when hast thou beheld such tumults here ?  
“ Our minds are tranquil and our hearts sincere.  
“ Ah ! little thinks the Youth who leaves his friends,  
“ And far from home his heedless footstep bends ;  
“ What deep conflicting pangs his heart may know,  
“ What tears unnumber’d from repentance flow.  
“ Then shall he learn his rash resolves to mourn,  
“ And bear the pressing anguish they have borne.

“ Rous’d at her sorrowing words, the Youth reply’d,  
“ Soon shalt thou prove thy Lée Boo’s happy bride,  
“ Yet must he first forsake his native shore,  
“ Yet must he first thy priceless smile deplore ;  
“ Tho’ much he DORACK loves, he loves his country more...  
“ Then ! if to please thee in an evil hour,  
The Maiden cry’d, “ thou brave the ocean’s power,

“ If, reckless of thy drooping DORACK’s pain,  
“ Thou spurn her councils and her tears disdain !  
“ Forsake thine home where only thou canst find,  
“ The balm of life and sunshine of the mind !  
“ And tho’ resolved thy DORACK’s prayer to spurn,  
“ Despite her anguish with thy short return !  
“ Talk of delights thy search shall never find,  
“ And boast of honors, fleeting as the wind !  
“ Go ! heedless go ! this heart can nurse its care,  
“ Silent in woe, and calm amid despair ;  
“ And when its friends enquire the reason why,  
“ Tell with a tear, and answer with a sigh !”

She said, and slow retiring, in amaze  
Left the desponding Youth awhile to gaze ;  
When, starting from a dream, he smote his breast,  
And downward pondering sought his nightly rest.

Now on the eastern verge of earth, arose  
Morn’s doubtful light, and now it feebly glows

With solitary beam, still spreading far  
The rising glories veil the morning star ;  
Till in the burning sky the Sun appears,  
And heavily and grand his form resplendent rears.

DORACK, upstarting from her short repose,  
Beheld the Sun his earliest beam disclose.  
That wave-emerging orb, whose vital force  
Inspires with joy the wide world in his course  
Bids countless beings songs of gladness raise,  
And mute creation join the grateful praise !  
To her convey'd a pale heart-freezing light,  
More gloomy than the horrors of the night.

Now on the shore a numerous host appear,  
Chieftains and Rupacks to the bark draw near ;  
With wonder-speaking eyes, behold the sail,  
Each heart exultant, or each visage pale,

As o'er the wat'ry waste they cast their eyes,  
And hopes or fears for Lée Boo's safety rise.  
When the bare Monarch stalk'd across the strand,  
And courteous hail'd the small adventuring band.

Tho' far removed from Learning's fostering sway,  
Past ABBA THULLE's unblest years away;  
Tho' nurst in realms where science never shone,  
And of mankind, unknowing and unknown,  
Yet Heav'n enrich'd him with a princely mind,  
Her noblest gift—the milk of human kind.  
He lived his country's pride, her evening star,  
Whose cheering ray descended wide and far;  
Spread o'er the land a little stream of light,  
Tho' twinkling, constant, and tho' humble, bright,  
Fram'd to display the great in life and thought,  
He lived to teach, himself by nature taught.

Him soon Lée Boo with pensive look drew near;  
Solemn his step, and on his cheek a tear.  
“ Why weepest thou ?” the fire of Pélew cry’d ;  
“ Oh ! I have cause,” the downcast Youth reply’d.  
“ The Maid, whom most my drooping heart adores,  
“ For Lée Boo’s stay with fantic grief implores :  
“ Torn is my bosom, and my purpose wild ;  
“ Must love, or duty, triumph o’er thy child ?”  
To him the Monarch, “ Much I prize thine heart,  
“ And shudder at the hour that bids us part ;  
“ But when to gain, than all, a nobler name,  
“ To raise the fabric of immortal fame ;  
“ To learn the truth of what these strangers say,  
“ And bear their arts to Thulle’s isles away ; (20)  
“ No selfish views should obftacles create,  
“ Great is thy object ! thy reward be great !

“ The grandest principle on man bestow’d,  
“ The noblest journey, tho’ the roughest road,  
“ Is—to toil onward in our Country’s good :  
“ So much professed ! so little understood !  
“ This be thy task. If not one cross arise  
“ One fond hope blasted, or one sacrifice,  
“ Where is the Patriot’s praise ? prepare thy mind  
“ Full many a dark and storm-vext sky to find ;  
“ Tempests, tho’ hard, shall leave the brighter day,  
“ And stamp the meed posterity shall pay.  
“ Mind not the Maiden, when thy feet return,  
“ With equal love shall DORACK’s bosom burn ;  
“ Her, to his tent, will Abba Thulle take,  
“ And doubly prize her for her Lée Boo’s sake :  
“ And when thy Bark upon our coast shall fail,  
“ Thy long-lost DORACK gladd’ning at the tale ;  
“ Thulle shall rush with all a father’s pride,  
“ And give the blushing Maiden to thy Bride.

“The vessel waits—one last glance dart around—  
“ Leap to the Bark, and be for ever crown’d.  
“ Suppress that tear—thy native valour show—  
“ Men should disdain to deal in Women’s woe.”

Firmness may worlds subdue ! but still, 'tis hard  
To keep, for ever keep, o'er Nature guard ;  
The Monarch's eyes the soft infection caught.  
And what his tongue condemn'd, his conduct taught.

The silent Youth, submissive bow'd his head,  
Then waved his hand, and to the vessel sped.  
When from the deck, he spy'd his DORACK's form,  
Bending in calm submission to the storm ;  
Casting a look to Heav'n, whose glimm'ring light  
Scarce forc'd a passage thro' her tear-drown'd sight.  
The sails were rais'd, when swift the Maiden ran  
Down to the Ocean's brink, and thus began.

“ Go, much lov’d Youth, urg’d by mad Folly’s sway!  
Go, voyage safe, and prosperous be thy way!  
“ Protected when each sweeping blast arise,  
“ And safe whilst Heaven’s destructive light’ning flies;  
“ And when thy mind shall feel its wandering fire,  
“ In disappointment’s gloomy port expire;  
Oh may that GOD, of whom the white men tell, (21)  
“ Have pity on thec ! with my Lée Boo dwell  
“ From every toil thy sorrowing heart defend,  
“ And back to Pèlew’s Isles thy steps attend!  
“ But, as these eyes no more with joy must shine,  
“ And never meet the answering glance of thine;  
“ Let not this last fond moment from us glide,  
“ And the stern Bark our kindred souls divide,  
“ Without one parting hope, one rising sigh,  
“ That each unguarded word may quickly die:  
“ The mutual wish ! oh, let contention cease!  
“ And, if thou must depart,—depart in peace !”

Scarce had she said, and as the Youth arose  
To lull the Maiden's anguish to repose ;  
The lifted canvas caught the rising gale,  
And from her aching eye convey'd the ling'ring sail.

Ah ! never more to Pélew's happy isle,  
Returning with a fond and artless smile,  
Shalt thou recount the wonders thou hast known,  
And claim the much-lov'd DORACK as thy own,  
Ah ! hapless Youth, soon shall thy race be run !  
Untimely set thy mildly-beaming Sun !  
And when at last the mortal debt thou pay,  
Far from thine home, poor blossom of a day !  
Thy bursting heart shall on thy DORACK dwell,  
And parting with the World, exclaim farewell !

The little toys which pleas'd thy opening mind, (22)  
E'er o'er thee past distemper's ruthless wind,

And which thou fondly hoped'st to display,  
When back returning to thy COROORAA,  
These shalt thou leave behind ! fair youth ! mine eye  
Weeps as I write, to think that thou should'st die.

Thy kindred sad shall deem their Lée Boo slain !  
Thy weeping Sire call after thee in vain !  
And when perceiving at the promis'd time, (23)  
No son returning to his native clime ;  
Days of unceasing pain his heart shall know,  
And gloomy nights of never-sleeping woe ;  
Till Grief shall dash him with her poison'd wave,  
And his grey hairs go sorrowing to the grave.

Thy DORACK too shall o'er her Lée Boo pore !  
Each evening wander on the sea lasth shore !  
Each morning roam with heart-corroding pain,  
And count the crags so often past in vain !

Still, Maiden! still, thy hapless path pursue;  
Still to affection prove thy bosom true;  
And dwell with all a lover's fond delight,  
When the proud bark shall crowd upon thy sight:  
But never more shall Lée Boo call thee dear!  
And never more his voice thy bosom cheer!  
The bond of death his once-loved corse detains;  
A foreign country holds his cold remains.  
Ah! why that sudden start? that heaving sigh?  
Did'st thou in fancy see thy Lée Boo nigh?  
No! 'twas the wind at which thou stood'st aghast,  
The fearful howling of the midnight blast.  
Poor Maiden, grieve not! he shall ne'er complain,  
Tho' storms and tempests heave the raging main;  
Peaceful, his bones beneath the valley lie,  
Whilst the fierce whirlwind sweeps the darken'd sky.

Mourn then a little longer! tell thy tale  
Of wasting anguish, to the passing gale!  
Still count thy Cord, thy wretched lot deplore,  
And nightly wander on the ocean's shore!  
Search with the rising sun the briny verge,  
And trace each spot upon its foaming surge,  
Cherish the hope of meeting him again,  
Tho' hope be hopeless, and thy tears be vain!  
A little longer only shalt thou stray,  
Thro' the bleak beatings of thy wintry day!  
On earth a little longer shalt thou roam,  
E'er Death shall call thee to thy last long home,  
To join beyond life's never-ceasing storm,  
Thy faithful Lée Boo in a Seraph's form.

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## NOTES TO LEE BOO.

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### NOTE 1.

*To cross the green sea periclus and wide.*

The day before the English departed from Pelew, ABEA THULLE thus addressed Captain Wilson respecting his Son:—"I would wish you to inform LEE BOO of all things which he ought to know, and make him an ENGLISHMAN. The subject of parting with my son I have frequently revolved; I am well aware that the distant countries he must go through, differing much from his own, may expose him to dangers as well as to diseases that are unknown to us, in consequence of which he may die—I have prepared my mind for this; I know that death is to all men inevitable, and whether my son meets this at PELEW or elsewhere, it is immaterial. I am satisfied, from what I have observed of the humanity of your character, that if he is sick you will be kind to him; and

should

should that happen, which your utmost care cannot prevent; let it not hinder you, or your brother, or your son, or any of your countrymen, from returning here: I shall receive you, or any of your people, with friendship, and rejoice to see you again."

## NOTE 2.

*Of Oroolong, or Keth, or Korooraæ.*

Islands governed by ABBA THULLE.

## NOTE 3.

*And ride like them triumphant through the storm.*

The natives of Pelew were much charmed with the ease with which the English BOATS sailed in the roughest weather, whilst the least increase of the wind, or rising of the sea, occasioned their CANOES immediately to seek the shore.

## NOTE 4.

## NOTE 4.

*To guide with nicer skill the sea-form'd knife.*

“ Their best knives were formed of a piece of the large mother of pearl oyster-shell, ground narrow, and the outward side a little polished.—The sort more common was made of a piece of Muscle-shell, or of a split bamboo, which they sharpen to an edge and render exceedingly serviceable.”

## NOTE 5.

*What ! does the world a distant land contain ?*

“ It is highly probable that no prior communication had taken place between the natives of Pelew and the people of any other nation ; that they and their ancestry have lived there through a long succession of ages, regarding themselves as the Sovereigns of the world, and unconscious that it extended beyond the horizon that bounded them. They are now left

in the possession of their own unnoticed domains, nor is it likely they will be again visited by Europeans, as they possess nothing but VIRTUE and GOOD SENSE, and live in a country which supplies no materials that may tempt the avarice of mankind to disturb their tranquillity."

## NOTE 6.

*Viewing these blue-vein'd strangers on thy earth.*

It is supposed that the natives of Pelew at first considered the white hands and faces of the English to be an artificial colour, and the blue veins as a mode of *tattooing*, or painting; for, after viewing their hands, they requested to see their arms, supposing that they must appear *black*, the proper colour; but still their arms and their bodies presented the same appearance, leaving the poor Pelew people agitated with wonder, till some other object more surprising, engaged their attention.

## NOTE 7.

## NOTE 7.

*Their limbs so fetter'd.*

As the inhabitants of America supposed the SPANIARD and his HORSE to be but one animal, so the natives of Pelew, at first sight, believed the CLOTHES of the ENGLISH to have been parts of their bodies; and though that error was soon rectified, they still thought that all kinds of clothing was an appendage that might well be dispensed with, going themselves perfectly naked from the servant to the Monarch.

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## NOTE 8.

*Their teeth so pale.*

The natives of Pelew were in the general practice of staining their teeth black, an effect produced by combining the juice of GROUNDSEL with four other HERBS, and which, being mixed with CHINAM, formed a paste with which they covered the teeth for five successive mornings, lying afterwards for several

veral hours with their heads on the floor, to let the saliva run out of their mouths.

NOTE 9.

*But tho' no Bones like ours their arms array:*

The order of the Bone was the highest distinction that a subject could arrive at in the Islands of Pelew: it was worn round the wrist, and originally belonged to some fish. The day before Captain Wilson departed from Pelew, *ABBA THULLE*, willing to give some substantial evidence of the respect he bore him, intimated his intention of conferring on him the highest order of the Bone. The ceremony was attended by all the great people of the Island, and having been completed, *ABBA THULLE* thus addressed Captain Wilson:—“ This Bone must be “ rubbed bright every day, and be preserved as a tes- “ timony of the rank you hold amongst us. You “ must valiantly defend this mark of dignity on

“ every

“ every occasion, and never suffer it to be torn from  
 “ your arm but with the loss of your life.”

## NOTE 10.

*When Artingall proved faithless to her trust.*

At a festival given by the inhabitants of ARTINGALL to the people of CORORAA, a brother of ABBA THULLE, and two of his chiefs, were treacherously slain; in consequence of which the two islands commenced hostilities, and which was terminated, after two or three obstinate conflicts, in favour of ABBA THULLE, by the assistance he derived from a detachment of the English with their FIRE-ARMS.

## NOTE 11.

*A Rupack's honors crown thy future days.*

Those inhabitants of Pelew on whom had been conferred the order of the Bone, became RUPACKS

or NOBLES, of which there were different degrees; tho' tho' those of the HIGHEST only were admitted to the Councils of the KING.

## NOTE 12.

*And when arrived upon the Causeway nigh.*

Leading to all the principal houses in Pelew, there was a CAUSEWAY made, about eight feet wide, and paved with stones, to preserve which from dirt and grass was the province of the female residents of the house.

## NOTE 13.

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*Who, like the sky,  
Deal forth their Lightnings and ten thousands die.*

As our comparisons are chiefly taken from sensible objects, an inhabitant of Pelew could compare the fire and the report of a great gun to nothing in his cir-

cle of knowledge but lightning and thunder: resembling each other in the sound they occasioned, and in the effect they could produce.

## NOTE 14.

*Let these strange white men from our coast retire.*

So surprising was the white complexion of the English to a native of Artingall, that after he had been mortally wounded, and in the moment of death, upon observing a white person near, he fixed his eyes upon him, and seemed to die impressed with nothing so much as the colour of his enemy.

## NOTE 15.

*Where can such Yams regale or Chinam grow?*

YAMS and cocoa-nuts constituted the principle food of the Pelew people. They were also in the habit of smoaking the BEETLE-NUT, and generally strewed over it a calcined vegetable called CHINAM.

## NOTE 16.

*What clime like ours her Plantain Grove can boast?*

The inhabitants of Pelew were remarkably fond of the plantain and the palm-tree ; which they applied to many domestic purposes, and formed of them extensive groves, which presented a pleasant shelter from the extreme heat of their tropical sun.

## NOTE 17.

*Whilst the wind whistling shook her reeden shed.*

“ Their houses were raised about three feet from the ground, placed on large stones ; on these pedestals the foundation beams were laid, from whence sprang the upright supports of their sides ; which were crossed by other timber grooved together, and fastened by wooden pins ; whilst the intermediate spaces were filled up with BAMBOO and PALM-LEAVES.”

## NOTE 18.

*Yet still we know enough for happiness.*

“ The people of Pelew were strangers to those passions which ambition excites, to those cares which affluence awakens. Their existence appeared to glide along like a smooth unruffled stream, and their happiness to be secured to them on the firmest basis. The little which Nature and Providence spread before them, they enjoyed with a contented cheerfulness ; nor were their bosoms habituated to cherish wishes which it was not in their power to gratify. In scenes of pleasant vicissitude and patient industry their years of fleeting life passed on.”

## NOTE 19.

*What discords fierce disturb'd their little town ?*

“ The cook and the cock’s assistant having been very negligent in their business, spoiling often the rice, and being suspected of appropriating to them-

selves part of the very small quantity of meat they could afford to boil with it, they were publicly arraigned, and sentenced to receive a flogging."

From this circumstance, and a quarrel between two of the crew, in which one of them was wounded in the head with a stone, the idea might have originated concerning the dissentions in the English settlement.

#### PAGE 168.

*He liv'd to teach, himself, by Nature taught.*

" In regard to the excellent man who ruled over these children of Nature, in every part of his conduct he discovered himself firm, noble, gracious, and benevolent ; there was a dignity in all his manners, and a warmth and sensibility in his heart, that demanded the admiration of all. The strength of his understanding would have given him a marked preeminence over his contemporaries, in whatever

portion of the globe Providence might have placed him. CHRISTIANITY would have made him a better man ; yet, let those who acknowledge her precepts, contemplate the character of ABBA THULLE, and blush for their own deficiencies.”

## NOTE 20.

*And bear their arts to Thulle's isles away.*

Nothing discovered more the strength of ABBA THULLE'S MIND, and the regard he bore his country, than the voluntary offer of his SON, to accompany Captain Wilson to England : he had to contend with the feelings of nature and the admonitions of fear ; but, these being contrasted with his people's good, he forgot all other considerations, and sent his beloved Son to acquire those ARTS, which constituted the superiority of Englishmen.

*Oh may that God, of whom the white-men tell,  
Have pity on thee !*

From several observations it appears, that the natives of Pelew were not insensible to religious impressions of some kind or other. They observed the stated duties of the ENGLISH ; and it is difficult to suppose, that in an interview of three months, the GOD whom they adored should not have been made known to the natives. It is probable that this sublime and reasonable doctrine would find access to their minds, with a facility proportioned to the faintness of the impressions they were already in possession of of a similar kind ; and, as their impressions, of this nature, are acknowledged to have been but faint, it may not be deemed unreasonable to place such a sentiment as the preceding in the mouth of DORACK.

*The little toys which pleas'd thy opening mind.*

“ When LEE BOO found no hope was entertained of his recovery, he took Mr. SHARP by the hand; and, fixing his eyes stedfastly upon him, with earnestness said, *Good friend, when you go to PELEW, tell ABBA THULLE that LEE BOO take much drink to make small pox go away, but he die; that the Captain and Mother* (meaning Mrs. WILSON) *very kind—all ENGLISH* very good men;—was much sorry he could not speak to the King the number of fine things the ENGLISH had got. Then he reckoned what had been given him as presents, which he wished Mr. Sharp would distribute, when he went back, among the Chiefs; and requested that very particular care should be taken of a pair of blue glass barrels, or pedestals, which he directed might be given to the King. Among the little property which he left behind him, there were

found, after his death, the stones or seeds of most of the fruits he had tasted in England, carefully and seperately put up. From such a mind, what might not have been expected."

## NOTE 23.

*And when perceiving at the promis'd time.*

" The evening before the English sailed, the King asked Captain WILSON, how long it might be before his SON returned to PELEW ; and being told it would probably be about thirty moons, or might chance to extend to six more, ABBA THULLE drew from his basket a piece of line ; and, after making thirty knots upon it, a little distance from each other, left a long space ; and then, adding six others, carefully put it by."











